

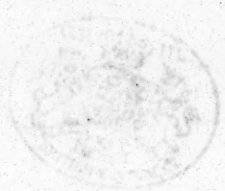
PIETAS
ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS
IN
FUNERE
SERENISSIMAE PRINCIPIS
WILHELMINAE CAROLINAE
ET
LUCTU
AUGUSTISSIMI
GEORGII II
BRITANNIARUM &c. &c.
REGIS.

TYPIS ACADEMICIS. MDCCXXXVIII.

P I E T A

ACADEMIA

E U R O P A



G E O R G I A

R I C H M O N D

R E G I S

T Y P I S A C A D E M I C I S

A D

R E G E M

ALME PATER Patriae, Quo sospite magna dolorum
Pars fugit, & leuius publica damna nocent,
Si vacet, & libeat similes agnoscere curas,
Mixtaque cum lacrymis gaudia prisca sequi,
Fas luctus renovare, simul renovare triumphos;
O Rex, O Conjux, hìc CAROLINA jacet.
O quantum virtutis in illo nomine! quantum
Non iterum terris invida Fata dabunt.

A

Supremo

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Supremo liceat comitari funus honore,
Atque super vitâ plaudere, morte queri.
Quae tam chara fuis in publica commoda vixit,
Illi nulla fatis longa senecta foret.
At vixisse diu non mendax Fama loquetur,
Tot numerans actos non fine laude dies.
Virgo qualis erat? pulchrae quàm rara puellae
Ambitio soli velle placere Deo?
Hinc neglectus honos Sceptriue superbia: magnâ
Laus meruisse fuit, spernere major erat.
Hinc Te digna Viro Conjux, Regina *Britannis*
Digna, *Reformatae* Religionis amans.
Formosam parili referens virtute *Mariam*,
Non dilecta minùs, sed neque flenda minùs.
At Patriae melius foecunda puerpera prodest,
Progenie simili saec'la futura beans.
Bellua multorum capitum Illi leniit iras:
Illius ad tumulum *Tros Tyriusque* gemit:

Maxima

P I E T A S.

Maxima laus communis Amor. —quàm taedet ab ipsis

Nunc desideriiis discere qualis erat!

O! quae flexanimae mitis sapientia linguae,

Obsequio vincens, consilioque regens?

Quis Tibi nunc tumidi componat pectoris aestum,

Curarumque levet dura, ferendo simul?

Vitalis Tibi vita perit, qui continet omnes

Unus amicitias, connubialis Amor.

Occidit Illa ergo tam flebilis? hinc Tua nobis

Charior, O GEORGI, vita superstes erit.

Vive diu; longumque Tuorum gaudia fervans,

Quod fecisse velit Te CAROLINA, facis.

Tuque fove Musas, Tua quas CAROLINA fovebat,

Et Tibi pro tali munere munus erit.

Carmina si possint solatia ferre dolorum,

Hunc nostrae fructum Tu pietatis habes.

Defunctis vitam si praestet Musa perennem

Posthuma Reginae vita perennis erit.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Invida non tantas claudent oblivia laudes;
Orco virtutes eripit astra petens
Filia Mnemosynes, & Famae Musa ministrae
Tradit, & has, inquit, saecula fera legant:
Et pia Principibus profit CAROLINA futuris,
Seu docet exemplo vivere, five mori.

GULIELMUS RICHARDSON

S. T. P.

Collegii Emmanuelis Magister
Et Academiae Procancellarius.

P I E T A S.

DIXIT SUPREMUS, percutite, — nec mora,
Jubente Coelo, lethifer Angelus
Percussit, aeternumque sensit
Anglicum Diadema vulnus.

O! parce, Vindex: novimus, O Deus,
Reges ut ipsos imperio regas,
Terrasque, Coelorumque Coelos
Concutias dominante nutu.

Tu das, & aufers; Tu necis Arbiter
Vitaeque; spargis Tu nebulis diem,
Vel Sole puro accendis, Idem
Laetitiae Pater, & doloris.

Defiderantes grande Decus suum;
Dulcemque multo nomine Gloriam,
Matremque, Reginamque raptam,
Te lachrymis venerantur *Angli*.

Olim *Britannis* Tu meditans decus,
Almo serenus lumine dixeras —
“ Regina furgat, Quae gerendo
“ Sceptra, beet, tueatur, ornet.

Gratum elocuto Te, Pudor, & Fides,
Multoque dives munere Faustitas,
Musaeque senserunt, & Artes,
Quid potuit CAROLINA faulrix

Te gratiam, Te praesidium, & Tuos
Praebente vultus.— O, iterum, Deus,
Adesto felix! audi, & aequis
Respicias oculis *Britannos*;

Stantem Columnam fac stabilem diu,
Extenta Sceptri gloria floreat,
Annosque, Reginae negatos,
Multiplices superadde Regi.

Honoratissimus Dominus Dominus
Henricus Clinton Comes de Lincoln
Aulae Clarenfis

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

IN vain the Poet plumes his feeble wing,
In vain the Muses are invoc'd to sing:
Oppress'd with pond'rous grief nor wing can soar,
Nor Muses sing, since CAROLINE'S no more.
All measure's scant, where sorrow boundless flows,
And numbers fail, where numberless are woes.
While such our grief, what passage shall we find
To vent the anguish of the lab'ring mind?
The throbbing heart must teach the tearful eye
In mournful strains to weep Her elegy;
Whilst pale *Britannia* swells the doleful show,
And all her Legions sigh a world of woe.

But Providence some nobler state design'd
For those, who most exalt the human mind.
Such was Her hope; and this Her strong defence,
A virtuous heart, a spotless innocence.
Th' alluring bait of CHARLES'S splendid Throne,
With all the glitt'ring trophies of a Crown,
To pure Religion's unmixt joys gave place—
Superior Guide! Guest of Celestial Race!

Hail happy Saint! suspend Thy bliss awhile,
And look with pity on Thy fav'rite Isle;
And here be Royal GEORGE Thy tend'rest care,
Watch o'er His slumbers, all His sorrows share:
Tell Him what joys await the blest'd above,
And fire His Soul with a Seraphic love:
Tell him how Kingdoms doubly mourn to see,
Grief brooding on the brow of Majesty;
And undistinguish'd sadness clouds the scene,
Not less for *England's* King, than *England's* Queen.

Thus shall His healing presence give relief,
Stop *Britain's* bleeding wounds, and ease her grief;
And as of late two objects shar'd His heart,
His Queen, and People, each an equal part,
So may His Sov'reign art our loss improve,
And bless us with an undivided love.

The Honourable *Ralph Verney* M. A. of Christ College:
Son of the Right Honourable the Lord
Viscount *Fermanagh*.

P I E T A S.

BRITANNIA AD REGEM.

REGIS ad exemplum pullata *Britannia* funus
Prosequitur lacrymis dum, CAROLINA, Tuum;
Parce, Pater, clamat; nimium compeſce dolorem;
Spes Patriae ſupereſt unica, Veſtra ſalus.
Sat Fatis mortique datum: Tu, AUGUSTE, caveto,
Ex uno facias funera mille mihi.

Hon. *Philippus Yorke*
Honoratiſſimi Domini Domini *Philippi* Baronis
de *Hardwick* & Summi Angliae Cancellarii
Filius natu maximus. C. C. C.

NEAR Fame's bright ſhrine ſee wiſe *Octavius* plac'd,
And ſtill by Time with freſh applauſes grac'd:
Leſs to his Worth, than to the Poet's lays,
He owes this tribute of ſucceſſive praiſe;
Touch'd with the ſenſe of favours well beſtow'd,
In ev'ry heart the fire poetick glow'd;
His faults with niceſt ſkill were caſt in ſhade,
The fineſt colours o'er his virtues laid.
But not by verſe ſhall CAROLINE ſurvive,
Her actions from themſelves their light derive;
Tho' unadorn'd, the ſtricteſt teſt they'll bear,
And a far nobler mark of luſtre ſhare,
Inſcrib'd for ever on each *Engliſh* breaſt,
Than if in *Virgil's* ſacred lines expreſt.

Philip Yorke.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

איך לא יראת חרבות
לא שערת פי תלפיות
באת מתהו בהו הקבר
לחשיך מכלול כל שפר

מלאך מות וחשכה
מה לך למלאכי האור
אם משמים לארצה
לא חד מהם יורד הבור

הלא שמי אחזי ארץ
גוף דילי דורש לא חפץ
לשנות משפט הרוחות
קמה תקומה לחסידות

מלך גדול מים רבים
משרת אני לא אדון
שומע קול משמים
ורץ אני לעשות רצון

HE I mihi! quòd *Priami* experior mala fata superstes,
Ut videam tenerae Principis exequias:
Orbatamque Throni Sobolem, viduique Mariti
Desertos longâ nocte jacere toros.
Ah! quoties voluit collo dare brachia circum?
Sed toties cupidas lusit imago manus.
Quò fugis, ah! nostri solamen dulce laboris,
Quâ fensî levius compare Regis onus?
Tot dulces Natos, communia pignora, Mater,
Deferis, et miserum, Te fugiente, Virum?
Vinculum amoris eras; Tibi debuit *Anglia* passim
Concordes animas, unanimesque duces.
Julia vixisset, *Pompeium Caesar* amaret,
Plûs vivâ moriens *Julia* nostra potest;

P I E T A S.

Chara fuis adeò, ut certent pietate relictì ;
Hâc laude inferior *Caesar* utroque fuit.
Ergo ipsi Reges pronos moriuntur in annos,
Dum fruitur vivis Patria muneribus
Ordine perpetuo redivivis ; terra recondat
Et licet authorem, vivet imago boni.
Barbara dulce putat pietas defuncta parentum
Viscera mox propriis condere visceribus :
Sed Tua si capiat tellus sibi credita, tota
Haerebis nostris condita pectoribus.
Sacra Viri lacrymis, memori et pietate Tuorum
Passim infinitis duceris inferiis.
Sin jacet aeterno Virtus oppressa sepulchro,
Magna nec extremos effugit Umbra rogos ;
Si Pietas, si prisca Fides, si Numinis ardens
Cultus, & in vitâ multus & ore Deus ;
Conjugis & Matris si nil benefacta valebunt,
Munita & multâ jam Tria Regna manu ;
Heu ! quantos luctus, quantos trahit ille ruinas,
Qui Tua, dulce Caput, nunc premit ossa, lapis !
Nam qualis virtute fores, quàm dives in omni,
Ah ! ficcis oculis quis meminisse potest ?
Tot gravis, indistincta jaces, virtutibus Umbra ;
Atque Tibi obscuras injicit urna manus.
Sed quamvis vulgo cecidisti aequale cadaver,
Sacra & communi in pulvere membra jacent ;
Non olim aequalis caput altum in fidera tolles,
Primitiae at Regum, Mater & Uxor, eris.

Phil. Bouquet S. T. P.
Linguae Hebr. Professor. Regius.
Trin. Coll. S. S.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUAE cecinere priùs laeto modulamine, luctus
Nunc Musas tristes cogit inire modos.
Conjuge sublatâ solus jam sustinet Orbem
GEORGIUS *Angliacum*, ac jam grave sentit onus.
Nobile Par, titulis Quos inclyta *Wallia* cingit,
Funestum augusto pectore vulnus alunt.
Et GULIELMUS, amans Materni nominis, auras
Flebiliter carpit, quâs CAROLINA caret.
Thamesis ad *Mosam* lacrymarum flumina volvit,
Et narrat clades, quas *Libitina* tulit.
Auriacos urgent certamina mutua luctûs;
Eheu! quàm largis fletibus ora madent!
Mens eadem, & facies, Augustarumque Sororum
Augebant funus funera pene nova.
Solvitur in luctus procerum spectabilis ordo;
Fluxit & in patres, in populumque dolor.
Quo demum gemitu *Germania*, fortis in armis,
Principis ereptae publica damna refert?
Tangunt haec omnes; par est concordia flendi;
Omnibus unus erat, nec dubitatus amor.
Parcite sed nimio longum indulgere dolori;
Perpetuos luctus Umbra benigna vetat:
Tantumque huc terris Fata indulgere; nec ultra
Esse sinunt, coelo aut posse carere suo.
Quin rerum tutela supersit GEORGIUS; Illo
Sospite, nos tristes dedecet esse diu.

Ph. Williams, S. T. P.

Coll. Div. Joh. Ev. Praeses,

Et Orat. Pub.

P I E T A S.

THENOT. CUDDY.

THENOT.

C U D D Y, why fitten wee thus mute, ne cast
With what delight to chace the lingring yeare?
Seemeth thine oaten reedes been late ybraft,
Or hoarse are growne; so chaunged is thy cheere.

Or hath thy loved lass's scornful mood
Thee thus apaid? whileome the rural throng
Lur'd by thy notes around thee gazing stood,
Like listning deere, to weet thy silver song.

C U D D Y.

Thenot, the ditties, that I wont devise
With looser notes the fancied mind to traine,
Delight no more: like mirth was then to prise,
When flowr'd the Prime, and DAPHNE bless'd the plaine:

But other song, so be thou deign to heare,
I shall here trie, attun'd to sorrow's string,
As I that skill of *Colin Clout* did lere,
Sweet *Colin Clout*, that taught our swaines to sing:

THENOT.

So mote Thee, gentle *Cuddy*, faire befall,
As it shall please thee to record that straine;
For nere did notes my witched sense enthrall
Like those devis'd by that same shepherd swaine.

Als if thy sadder Muse ne list to mask
In lighter weed, but doth thee sorrowing call
To plaintive grief, what tho so fitting task
As DAPHNE's death, ywept of shepherds all?

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

C U D D Y.

What needeth bid the widow'd Turtle plaine,
Or *Philomele* with teares her song to sleepe?
The wounded heart ne wants fuch counfel vaine,
And careful *Cuddy* DAPHNE'S death fhall weepe.

Then liften, *Thenot*, to my mournful lay,
As wee thefe willows fitten here emong;
And Thou, sweet *Cam*, flow gently as you may
The whiles I fing: weepe, Shepheard, to my fong.

YE Nymphes, that earft did haunt faire *Hampton's* bowres,
That DAPHNE'S loved prefence made to fmile,
Or wont with Her beguile the fultrie hours
In *Richmond's* fhades, ah! where were Ye the while?
And Ye, that bath'd in that fame *winding Tide*,
Where were Ye all, alas, when DAPHNE died?

When DAPHNE died, the Syluans fighed fore,
And ev'ry *Naiade* on her oozie bed;
The Faunes and Faeries their light daunce forlore,
Whilft *Pan* the flocks and fields forfakeing fled;
Sad *Venus* wept; fad wept the Graces all;
And *Phoebus* with the Mufes mourn'd Her fall.

When DAPHNE died, the fickning meadows pin'd,
As they did learne to waile their widow'd ftate;
The flockes refus'd their foode; the feather'd kind
Upon the bared braunch all cheerlefse fate:
No voice was heard along the drearie plaine,
None but the fighing wind and weeping raine.

She,

P I E T A S.

She, whilst She liv'd, great Quene of shepheards hight,
Of all our sylvan scenes the pride and praise;
For whom our lasses wont gay girlonds dight,
And ev'ry swaine addresse sweete roundelaies:
Happy the lasse, whose girlond She did weare,
Happy the swaine, whose musicke pleas'd Her eare.

How oft would She on shepherd's holiday,
(Her presence made that holiday I weene)
Deign view the maidens deckt in trim array
Shift their light feet upon the grassie greene?
They deftly daunce, the shepheards footly play,
Faith DAPHNE smiles — adieu such holiday.

And ever as retourn'd our shearing feast,
Or harvest home, would DAPHNE present be
To do us grace, and reede us wise behest;
Who ever red such wise behest as She?
Ne would She once our country sports despise,
Ne scoff the songs that shepheards can devise.

Ah! where are now become, most wretched wights,
Your sports and songs, your mirth and pleasaunt play?
DAPHNE is dead, that wrought you like delights,
Is dead, alas, and lies yclad in clay:
DAPHNE; whose presence was your dear content,
Whose absence now is your sad dreriment.

Break now your pipes upon the barren ground,
And all your girlonds into pieces teare;
Never again let pipe be heard to sound,
Never again let lasse gay girlond weare:
These been the markes of free and carelesse spright;
Far other guise befits your woeful plight.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

For flowrie girlonds mournful cypresse bring,
With eugh and bitter elder fitly join'd ;
For cheerful songs let hollow dirges ring,
Sad founds, that can empassion deepe the mind :
And all the way lament with streaming teare,
Fast beat your breasts, and loosen'd tresses tear.

And when that clay-cold face and earthie hewe,
Those pallid cheekes, impictured with death,
With that sweete smile ye doe comparing viewe,
Those lips, so richly fraught with senseful breath ;
Then say, if grief may faltring speech allow,
How happy were ye then, how wretched now.

Was never eye did see that Angel's face,
Was never eare did heare that charmfu! tongue,
But blest'd the Pourtraict of celestial race,
But traunced on the gracious accents hung.
Ah me ! that voice, those eyes what cruel spight
Hath wrapt in silence and eternal night ?

The Sun, that in the evening welks in west,
Again uprises in the east as faire ;
The leafie trees, that winter's wrath supprest,
In spring reliven, and fresh blossomes beare ;
Nature by course retournes from deadly bourne,
But DAPHNE, DAPHNE never shall retourne.

Ah ! hateful Death, that all good things dost spill,
Ne sparest what on earth most worthy is ;
That tak'st most pleasure in our greatest ill,
And still repinest at our dearest blis ;
How hast thou envious rest in fatal houre
In all the world the best-lov'd fairest Flowre !

P I E T A S.

The fairest Flowre, that earst on earth did growe,
Was DAPHNE, and of shepheards loved best;
None rose so stately, or so sweet did blowe,
Meet ornament for greatest Prince's breast.

Sith She is gone, the rest small valewe have,
Nought worth, but only to bestrewe Her grave.

Ye shepheards all, that tend your fleecie care,
Whether the silver *Thamis'* streame beside,
Or where smooth *Camus* laves his meadows faire,
Or *Isis* doth the fruitful vales divide;
Ye gentle shepheards, as the yeares retourne,
Be this your task, around Her grave to mourne.

And, as the same fresh flowres ye sprinkle ore
And mingled teares, in slow and solemn round,
Rehearse Her praises, and your losse deplore,
And add this verse, carv'd on the hallow'd ground:

*Here DAPHNE lies; whatere on Earth mote be
Good, Great, or Faire; so Faire, Great, Good was She.*

T H E N O T.

Cuddy, thy verse more pleasaunce to me brings
Than murm'ring streame from high rock trickling downe,
Or hum of swarming bees, or whisperings
Of hushing winds through trembling osiers blowne.

If *Colin Clout* obtain the highest place,
To *Cuddy* then I reede the second dewe;
If *Phoebus* his, *Pan* shall applaud thy layes;
If him the Muses, thee the Nymphs shall sewe.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

C U D D Y

Me listeth not perdie so high aspire,
For well I wote my rhymes been rude and base;
Yet been they as they may, they seeke no hire,
Cuddy shall shewe his love, though not win grace.

But could I tune my notes to so high straine
As that deep-learned Shepheard did whilere,
Then would I *DAPHNE* match with *GLORIANE*,
And after place Her midst the starrie sphere.

There should She shine, with Globe and Sceptre meet,
Between the *Virgin* and the *Scales*, as faire
As famous *Cassiopeia*'s shinie Seat,
The *Gnosian* Crowne, or *Berenice*'s Haire.

Her spying oft the wearie marinere,
Long toft in stormes and perilous affray,
Should haile propitious, and his glad mates cheere,
Ne recking danger, plough the watrie way.

But ah! I feel unequal forces faile;
Diviner matter nobler wits must tell:
Enough is me to pipe in lowlie dale,
Fitteth not humble shepheard with such things to mell.

T H E N O T.

But see, the downward Sun his ruddy face
Hasteth to hide behind yon wintrie cloud;
Then let us rise, and homeward hie apace,
Time fro the coming storme our selves to shroud.

John Whalley, D. D.
Master of St. Peter's College.

P I E T A S.

إِنَّ لَّاهِنًا مُسَاهِطَ الْكُنَا
 كُنَّا نَاعِبًا نَصَالَ لَايِدِنَا
 عَمْرُكَ الْبِشْمُ لِبْنَمِ الْيَوْمِ
 عَلَيَّ مَا تَبْكَلِي * لَا لِبْنَمِ أَمْسِ
 لَنَّمَا كُنَّا نَعْمَةً مَتَعَةً
 طَوْلَ عَمْرُنَا ثَوْبَ عَارِيَةٍ
 بَيْنَمَا الْإِنْسُ فِي ذُرْوَةِ دَهْرٍ
 إِذْ هَوُوا بِغَتِّ لَلَّيِّ مُنْكَدِرٍ
 إِذْ هَوَتْ مَلَكْتُ بِكَتِفَتِ
 ظَلَمَتْ لَلَّيِّ جَلُوتُ بَلَّجَتِ
 وَضَعَتْ بَضَمَتْ شَرَفَتْ مَجْدَهَا
 وَهَوَتْ بَعْدَتْ نَعَرَتْ نَرِنَهَا
 يِعُولُ لَلْمَالِكِ الْإِبْعَا حَبِيبَهَا
 يِعُولُ لَلْعَرَا كَلَّ مَلَاتَهَا
 نَسَا رَحِمَهَا يَكْسُفُ الْإِبْنَمِ
 مَعْدُ لَلْجَوْشِ عَرُوسُ تَالَمِ
 كَلَّ جَمَاعَتِ يَدْرِفُ أَدَمَا
 كَلَّ جَمَاعَتِ يَلْبِسُ سَلْبَا

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΜΟΥΣΑΙ Γραντιάδες, κλείειν πάρος εἰωθυῖαι
 Παρθενικὰς θαλάμους ἢ χρύσεια δεσμά γάμοιο,
 Νῦν ἄλλος πόνος ὑμῖν, ἔσθ' ἄλλης ἀρχὴ μοιπῆς·
 Ὡχέτω γὰρ ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ, ἔσθ' ἡμᾶρ μόρσιμον ἔτλη,
 Ἡ σοφίῳ φιλέεσσι καὶ ἐκ Μῦσαισιν ἀπεχθής.
 ὦ Βασιλεῦ, τίφθ' ὧδε φίλον καὶ θυμὸν ἰάπεις
 Διὶ βαρυσθενάχων; τέλει ἐπόλε Σοῖο γόοιο
 Ἔσθ' ἢ; εἰ μάλα περ κρατέεις, ἦδ' ἄλκιμός ἐσσι,
 Οὐ θεμὶν θανάτοιο βέλη ἀπαλάλκεμεν αἰνά.
 Οὕτως, ἀμπεδίον τὸ Τρωικὸν ὅπως ἐβώσρῃ
 Αἰδοίῳ ἄλοχον διζήμεναι εἶπε ἐφεύρῃ
 Καρτερὸς Αἰνείας, μάλ' ἰάπλετο δὲ ἄλγεσιν ἦτορ,
 Ἦν' ἀχνύμενον προσεφώνεε διὰ Κρέεσσα.
 “ Τίφθ' ἔτις ἀχέεις, ἔσθ' ἐμὲ πέρι μαίνεαι ἦτορ;
 “ Οὐκ ἐμὲ νῦν ἐθέλουσι θεοὶ συνοδοιπόρον εἶναι·
 “ Πολλοὶ γὰρ σε μένουν πόνοι, καὶ ἀσκήτ' ἔργα,
 “ Ἄλλ' ἐγὼ ἀμύρομαι ἔσθ' ἐς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' βαίνω.
 “ Χαῖρε, πόσις, καὶ φροντίδ' ἔχοις κοινοῖο γενέθλης.
 Τοιὰδε φωνήσας ἀπεβήσατο διὰ Κρέεσσα.
 ὦ Ἄνα Διογενὲς, μέγα θαῦμα Βρεταννίδος αἰας,
 Τοῖοι νῦν Σε μένουν πόνοι· Σῆς αὐτίκα βελῆς
 Δεύεται Εὐρώπῃ, ὅτε μαίνεται Ὀθωμαννός
 Πολλάων λῦσαι πολίων αἰπεινὰ κάρην
 Μαιμήσας, πῆξαι δὲ φίλοις ἐν στήθεσιν ἄορ.
 Ἀλλαχόθεν πόλεμόνδε καλεῖ μάλ' ἀγαυὸς Ἴδης
 Δεσμὸς Ἀγγλιγεναῖς καὶ ἀπείρετα κήδε' ἀπειλῶν,
 Νήπιον ἐγγελάσας, καὶ Σοῖς ἐν δάκρυσι γαθῶν.
 Ἔγρεο, Διογενὲς Βασιλεῦ, ἔσθ' παῦε γόοιο·
 Σοὶ λαοὶ τ' ἐπιτετράφαται, καὶ πολλὰ μέμηλε.
 Ἔγρεο, φέρειτ' ἄνερ, καὶ Σὰς τερμέσασιν ἐφετμὰς
 Ἐχθρῶν μαινόμεναι στρατῶν, καὶ ἀγαυὸς Ἴδης
 Νωλεμέως φείξει καὶ ἀσκήτ' Ὀθωμαννός.
 Οὕτως ἡμετέρῳ Λατῶ δῶς ἀφθιτον ὄλβον.
 Ἄλλὰ Τεόν, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ, μόρον κλαύσασιν αἰδοῖ
 Ναίοντες κλεινὰς Κάμοιο ἔσθ' ἰσίδ' ὄχθας.
 Σὰς ἀρετὰς, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ, τίς ἄξιός ἐστιν αἰεῖν,

Εὐγνώμων

P I E T A S.

Εὐγνώμων, φιλόμωστος, ἐρασιμὴς, εἰς ἄκρον ἀγνή·
 Τῷ, ἔπω τινὰ φαντὶ ἀδεῖν τόσον ἀνδρὶ γυναῖκα,
 Ὅσον περ Βασιλεὺς φθιμῶν ἐφίλασεν Ἀνασταν.
 Ἦδε δὲ οἱ μέγα δῶρον ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔδωκεν,
 Ἡρώας πικτεσσα δῶν καὶ πέντε Θεαῖνας.
 Αἰεὶ τῷτο δὲ ἔργον ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νόησεν,
 Ὅπως θήλεες ὄζοι Ἀναστων φέρταται εἶεν,
 Ὡς Αὐτὴ πάσαισι μετέπρεπε θηλυτέροις,
 Τένεκα Σὸν κλαίεσι μόνον τετηνότες Ἀγῆλοι·
 Καί Σε τὸ Γερμανῶν μάχιμον γένος ἀρχεται ἀδεῖν,
 Ἦν θαύμαζε πάλαι, καὶ ὃν γόνον εὐχεται εἶναι.
 Σαῖς ἀρεταῖς διάδημα τὸ πάτερον ἤθελε δῆναι
 Ἦως Αὐστριακός, καὶ Σὸν λέχος εἰσαναβῆναι·
 Σοὶ δὲ μόνος ἱερὸς γάμος ἦνδανε Βερνυσβικίσι.
 Σὰς ἀρετάς, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ, τίς ἀξίός ἐστιν αἰδεῖν;
 Χαῖρε, Πάτερ, μέγα χάρμα πατρὸς, μέγα χάρμα τοκῆων,
 Ἀρχιερεῦ, Γερμαῖς ὧ φίλτατον ἔνομα Μίσσαις.
 Θεσαυρὸς σοφίης σοι ἀνοίγεται Ἑλλάς ἅπασα,
 Ὡς φθόνος ἔρραντος, ὧ Ἰσίδῳ ἀγλαὸν ἔρρει,
 Ὅν πάλαι αἰδέομαι καὶ θαυμάζω κατὰ θυμόν·
 Χαῖρε, Πάτερ, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑΝ αἰδεῖν ἀξίός ἐστι.
 Ὡς κύκνος Θήβαις ἐνὶ νεφέλῃσι ποταῖται
 Ὑψηλαῖς πτερυγέσσιν εἰς αἰθέρα, χέρσον ἀλεύων·
 Οὕτω Μυσοπόλων μάλ' ὑπεύχρος ἐστὶ Βρετανῶν,
 Καὶ πάσης σοφίης καὶ κύδεος εἰς ἄκρον ἦλθες
 Παντοίαις ἀρεταῖσι κεκασμένη· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε,
 Ὡς βομβεῦσα μέλιτα, ποτάμῳ ἔνθα ἔνθα,
 Ἀνθεα συλήσας μέλιτος γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσω.

Gualterus Taylor, S. T. B.

Linguae Graecae Professor,

& Coll. Trin Socius.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

P I E R I A S inter moestissima Musa Sorores,
Cui dolor & lacrymae lamentaque tristia cordi,
Melpomene placidas ad *Cami* venerat undas;
Dumque piis, recubans in margine, fletibus amnem
Auget, in hos luctus numeros erumpit acerbus :
“ Occidis, heu ! Magni Conjux Augusta GEÖRGI !
“ Occidis ! utque infans, matrem quae sentit abesse,
“ Tota tremit, querulisque locum vagitibus implet,
“ *Anglia* Te plorans desiderat, Optima Mater,
“ Ereptam, O nostri decus & solatia faec'li !
“ Qualis erat, Quam nunc inopino flemus ademptam
“ Funere, gaudebunt feri memorasse nepotes.
“ Sive coronari placuit, populoque videri,
“ Quàm folio affulsit, tantâ quàm digna coronâ;
“ Et vera incessu patuit Regina decoro !
“ Seu curas, quas sceptrum ferunt, lenire volebat,
“ Blanda simul Magno Conjux & Amica Marito.
“ Nec Materna minùs pietas & cura decebat,
“ Dum tenerae Sobolis Regalia pectora solers
“ Formaret, propriis animos virtutibus ornans.
“ Incolumi Reginâ, habuit sua praemia Virtus,
“ Incrementa Artes, decus & tutamen amicum
“ Relligio, semper praesens sibi Numen Egestas.
“ Heu, spes fallaces ! nunquam, heu, secura voluptas !
“ Vos lacrymis, *Britones*, flentes moestique litate
“ Manibus Augustis, non explendique doloris
“ (Qui soli restant) gratos persolvite honores.
Melpomene dixit, fixoque in flumine vultu
Moesta diu tacuit, certa indulgere dolori.
Sed repetens animo Te vivere, Magne GEÖRGI,
Absterfit paulum lacrymas, gemitusque repressit;
Laetior ad *Pindi* tum sacra cacumina fugit,
Et tulit ad tristes solatia grata Sorores.

Samuel Stedman, A. M.
Coll. Gonv. & Caii. Socius,
Academiae Procurator Sen.

P I E T A S.

Ὡς τάχως φθινύθει τιμῆς ἢ κύδεος Ἀκρον,
 Ἐπάγλως δέικνυσι τὸ πῆμα τόδ' ἀπρητίοπλον,
 Οὐπόλε λησόμενον ΒΡΕΤΑΝΟΙΣ, μήτ' οὐκέτι τληϊόν.
 Δάκρυσι ἔσυναχαῖς κρήνας καναχιδὰ ῥέουσι
 Οἴγετε, λευγαλέων πενθῶν βάρος ὥς τε θρηῆσαι
 Ἀληκίος γὰρ νῶϊν ὑπὲρ Σέθεν ἔσσετ' ἀνίη,
 Ὡς Βασιλὶς μεγάλθυμε, κλέῃ Τῆς ἔπολ' ὀλεῖται.
 « Εἰ δέ μοι αἶσα θανεῖν, ἔχχατον ἡμαρ ἔπισπεῖν,
 « Οὐδὲν ἐμοίγε μέλει, φίλοις πλὴν εἴ τι θανῶσα
 « Πένθος ὀδυρομένοισι λιγέως ἀκόρεστον ὀπάσω.
 « Ὡς ἔφατ' ὥς τε θανῶσα κακῶν πότῃ φάρμακον εὔρειν.
 « Ὡς μεμαυῖα τέθηκε γοῶς τε λιπῶσα ἢ ἀλγῇ.

Βλέψαί' ἀποφθιμνὴν ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΗΝ, βλέψατε τέρψαις
 Πάσας φρεσδας ἐπ' αἵθερ', Ἀοσσητῆρος ἀπέσης.
 Οὐκ ἀμελῶς ῥάστη φρονέσσαι τε, ἀλλά γε τερπνῇ
 Ἴσωρ, δημοφελὴς, μεγάλη τ', ἀπάνευθέ δε κόμπη.
 Αἶκεν ἔχοιμ' ἱκανῶς κατάλεξαι αἰοίδιμα ἔργα,
 Καὶ μελίσσι κλέῃ μεγαλοπρεπὲς ὑψόσ' αἰερεῖν.

Θέσκελος ἦν σοφίῃ, φειώσιον ἔργον Ἀνάσσης,
 Καὶ μάλ' αἰείζηλον, τεύξαδ' σήμαί' ἀγαυὰ
 Φιλοσόφοις πολυκλήτισοισιν ὅλως τε αἰετοῖς.
 Δῶμα τόδ' ἐκπιδὲν δὲ κατωρυχέεσσι λάεσσιν
 Ἀφθίτον ἐνομάτων ἔσσετο τοῖς ἐσομένοισι
 Μνήμ', ὅ τις ἀνθρώπων θαυμάσσει, ὅσκειν ἴδῃται.
 Ἀργαλέον, Βασίλεια, Σὰ πράγματα κεδν' ἀγορευσαί,
 Οἷα σαφῶς βελῇ τε νόῳ δέ τε πάντα τελεῖται.

Steph. Bolton A. M. C. C. C. Soc.
 Academiae Procurator alter.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Y^E Sons of Art, whose lines in mimic draught
 Express the pow'r of words, the strength of thought,
 Who, by the force Imagination gives,
 O'er canvas spread the shape, which all — but lives,
 Those gayer forms, tho' late admir'd, remove,
 To FRED'RIC sacred, and AUGUSTA's love;
 For scenes of sorrow blend the colour'd mass,
 In darker tints call forth the mournful face:
 But yet awhile suspend the rising tear,
 When from your strokes the growing forms appear,
 Lest sudden anguish bursting from the heart
 Restrain your fancy, and beguile your art.
 So *Daedalus*, who fondly try'd to mould
 His Son's unhappy fate in breathing gold,
 By art pathetic soon renew'd his woe;
 Twice he assail'd to form th' expressive show,
 Twice sank his trembling hand, and tears began to flow.

Behold all pale upon Her fatal bed
 The Pride of Princes, and of Nations laid;
 Let gloomy colours all around 'em throw
 A solemn shade, and spread the scene of woe.
 The Monarch paint in anxious passions tost,
 And all the Hero in the Husband lost.
 His inward anguish let his eyes declare,
 And the tormented Image look despair.
 His love encreases, while Her actions roll
 In memory, the language of the soul.
 Here, if Thy subtle pencil cou'd impart,
 And paint the sigh just heaving from the heart,
 Cou'd thy nice stroke the silent thought unfold,
 Catch the sad sound, the flying words withhold,
 His Consort's virtues shou'd the Monarch tell,
 Her softer counsel in past care reveal,
 When *Richmond's* calm retreat assisted thought,
 What toils She shar'd, what deeds of Empire taught.

Let

P I E T A S.

Let FRED'RIC next in grief arise to view:
Paint the sad anguish of a last adieu;
Paint by His side His Royal mournful Fair,
Source of His joys, and Partner of His care:
Let Each by turns a Mother's anguish move,
Their griefs still soothing with alternate love:
Let FRED'RIC ev'ry soft endearment show,
AUGUSTA fainting with a double woe;
While CAROLINA'S pangs Her breast engage,
Tought with th' idea of Her Parents age,
Sudden She forms some strange reverse of fate,
And views in CAROLINE Her Parent's state:
For Each indulging an excess of grief,
Her sick'ning fancy still denies relief,
Left, like sad ANNA, She e'er long deplore
A dying Parent on a distant shore.

Next WILLIAM'S grief and manly youth demand
The well-mixt colours and the skillful hand.
Through all His lineaments His virtue trace,
And early wisdom rip'ning o'er His face.
Let Him though mournful, yet serenely bear
His Guardian's pangs, instructed by Her care:
Let the soft tear awhile forget to flow;
For deep Reflection sadd'ning o'er His brow
Reviews Her dictates, and recalls to thought
Vast schemes of glory by Her wisdom wrought.

Then give the swelling sorrows to arise
In EMILY'S and CAROLINA'S eyes:
Let ev'ry feature soften with distress,
Each look unutterable grief express;
Here gayest lights with contrast shades dispose,
Till ev'ry charm in sorrow shining glows:
Their eyes resplendent point the heav'nly ray;
And thro' the rising cloud their beams display.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

In fainter colours let thy pencil take
The tender Offspring delicately weak :
While the fond Mother, and the tender Guide,
In dear remembrance ev'ry thought divide ;
Let sympathetic grief in Each appear,
And filial piety provoke the tear :
Such streams, as untaught Nature bids to flow
From infant sorrow and unpractis'd woe.

Draw now, sad Object, venerably great,
The Queen resigning to the call of Fate :
E'er to this world She bids a long farewell,
Let Her serenely tell, or seem to tell —
What mighty sorrows in Her breast She bore,
Much from Her pain, from Their affliction more.
Ah ! now the canvas fret with stronger art,
E'er yet the struggling Soul and Body part :
Let various symptoms in one piece be join'd,
The tortur'd Body, and the quiet Mind :
While the swollen Nerves in shades their anguish feel,
Let milder light the joyful Soul reveal,
Calm the convulsions of departing breath,
Shine o'er the Corse, and smooth the face of Death :
Paint Heav'n just op'ning to Her longing sight,
Dawning around Her in a gleam of light.

So when the sky collected vapours throwd,
Big with the tempest moves the lowring cloud ;
But, if some sudden blast its bosom rend,
In glitt'ring drops the genial show'rs descend,
High in the air the transient colours glow,
And piercing light imprints the vaulted bow,
With varied hue attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Gilds the calm Sun-set of the doubtful day.

P I E T A S.

שיר אשירה העצבים
איצק למלך אמרים
מות מותה כל גילת לבו
לקחה תאות נפשו
נשים יפות קול תשאנה
הבנות יפות תבכינה
שמעו שמעה כל הגוים
הודה יעל על השמים
רבת בנות עשו חיל
היא עלתה כיום מליל
ספרו מספודה תמרורים
כל גיא כל גבוים הרים
קולם ירימו בעדה
יין לא ישתו בשירה
שבת משוש הכבודות
כי לא נשכיתה מבכות

Cox Coll. Pet. Alumni

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ καὶ ΘΥΡΣΙΣ.

ΚΟΡ. ΘΥΡΣΙΣ, ὑπαὶ σκιερᾷς κλιθέντα σκεπάσματι φαγῶ
 Τίπτε σε τόσ' ἄχεθ' νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα;
 Οὐκέτι, ῥ' ὡς πρῶτον, λιγυρᾷ φόρμιγλι μέλισμα
 Ἰμερρὲν κιθαρίσδεις, ἢ ποσ' ἔπισαμύροισι
 Θρεξάσκεις ἀταλὰ φρογνέων· λεπλὸν δ' τὸ σῶμα,
 Καδδ' ἄρα θ' ἱματίων βαρὺς ἔδραμε παντόθεν αὐχμὸς,
 Πώγων ἢ ῥυπαρὸς· λέξον τί δέ τοι τὸ μέλαμα;

ΘΥΡ. Καὶ πύγε (φεῦ) ταχέως, Κορύδων, κτ' δάκρυα χεύσῃς;
 Ὅκκα κεν ἀγγελίας κατὰκῆσαις τὰς ἀλεγαινᾶς·
 Κάτθανεν ἡ ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ· καὶ ὅσων νύξ ἐξεβεννὰ
 Ἐδραμν, ἠδ' ἄμμιν μέγαν ἱμερὸν ὥρσε λυπᾶων.

ΚΟΡ. ὦ μοι ἐγὼν· ἄχει καρδίη ἢ γυῖα λελυγ'·
 Δάκρυά μευ κοχύρ' ἴσα χιμερίαισι βροχαῖσιν,
 Ἦδ' ἐμόλις μυθεῖμαι· ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἀπέθνασκειν Ἄνασσα,
 Ἄπας ὑπὲρ πασῶν μεγάλη λάμπεσκε γυναικῶν.

ΘΥΡ. Οἶα μὲν Ἥελιος νικᾷ σιληδόνι πάντα,
 Οἶα πίτυς πλεῖστον βλωθρᾷ ὑπεραίρεται ὕλα,
 Ἦ ὅσον γλυκερῷ κυπάρισθ' ὑπέρεχει ἄνθος·
 Τόσον ῥ' ἐν φρογνιμαῖσι περικλειτὰ ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ
 Εὐγνώμων, μεγάλη τε, διέπρεπε θηλυτέροις
 Μορφὰν ἀθανάταις Θεαῖς ἐναλίγκιθ' ἔσκεν,
 Καὶ λιγέως ἀγόρευ', ὅκα γάρ ῥ' ἀπὸ γῆθεθ' ἴει
 Μύθως, ἀμφ' οἶκθ' μεγάλαις κονάβασεν αὐταῖς.
 Ἐκ γ' τῷ σόμαθ' φωνὰ γλυκερωτέρα ἦνθεν,
 Ἦι τὸ ὕδωρ ὀρέων κατὰλειβόμενον κελαρύσδει.
 Νῦν χαμαὶ ἀκλειῶς κεῖνται δ' τὰ φαίδιμα γυῖα·
 Νῦν ἀπεδρὲν τ' αὐγὰ σὼν ὁσῶν παμφανοώντων,
 Νῦν τε χρεῖα ῥοδόχρους, ὥσπερ θ' ὑακίνθινον ἀνθ'·
 Βελθόμενον ὑετῶ, καλὰν ἀποβάλλεται αὐτῶν.

ΚΟΡ.

P I E T A S.

ΚΟΡ. Καὶ μὰν τὸ κακὸν θάσσιζεν ἔμοιγε κορώνᾳ,
Ἦδ' ὅκα τὰ σκαιὰ σῶπές τ' ἔλεεν ὀλόλυσδον·
Ἄλλ' ἐκ ἐξήταξα, μάταν εἰς ἄνδρα γενειῶν.
Νῦν δ' ὅταν ἔσκειν αἰὲν πολὺ πώμεσι μέλιχος ἄμμιν,
Ἄρχωμεν γοεργῷ μελῆς παρὶ τεθνηώσας.

ΘΥΡ. Ἄρχετε κλαυθμωδῆς, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχεῖ' αἰοιδᾶς.
Οὐκέτ' ἐμὰ σύειγξ χθυσὶ λυσιπαίμονα φωνάν·
Οὐκέτι τοὶ κόρυδοι ἔσσι ἀκανθίδες ἀδὺ μέλισμα
Ἵψόθεν αἰείδουσιν, ἀγαλλόμενοι πτερύγεσσιν·
Νῦν δὲ μὲν ἐν δένδροις σκιερῶς λιγύφωνον ἀηδῶν
Ἦσαι ὀδυρμηδῆα, καὶ οἰκίρως καθιῆσα κάσσηνον.

ΚΟΡ. Ἄρχετε κλαυθμωδῆς, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχεῖ' αἰοιδᾶς.
Οὐκέτι τέτλιες φραγμῶς λαλαγεῦντι περ' ἀμῶς,
Ἦ περὶ τὰς νεαράς ἀνθας βομβῶντι μέλισσαι·
Οὐκέτι τοὶ Σάτυροι χλοεραῖς σκιρτῶντι πόαισι,
Ἀμφὶ δὲ κωκυτοῖς γαίαν ἀδινῶσι φοβεῦντι.

ΘΥΡ. Ἄρχετε κλαυθμωδῆς, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχεῖ' αἰοιδᾶς.
Σεῦ ἔνεκ' ἀχνύμεντο ποταμὸς Ταμιοῦς βαθυδίνης
Σμερδαλέον σμαργάγισδε ὅππῃτε ῥέεθρα κυλίνδων·
Σεῦ ἔνεκ' εὐοδμὸν τε ῥόδον γλυκερῆς θ' ὑάκινθου,
Δένδρα ἔσσι ὑψίκομα, κλίνοντα πέδονδε κάσσηνα,
Φύλλ', ἀχεῖτο γοερώ σημεῖον, ἀπέκδυτε πάντα.

ΚΟΡ. Ἄρχετε κλαυθμωδῆς, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχεῖ' αἰοιδᾶς.
Τήναν αἰ δάμαλαι, σιμὰ ποθέυντι καὶ αἰγές·
Οὐδὲ παναμέριοι πόκα ταῦροι λῶντι νέμεας,
Μυκηθμῷ δὲ νομὸν πλήθουσιν πάντ' ἐριδέπω·
Τήναν κλαϊόμεναι Νύμφαι πύλλοντι κικίνως
Ἀπειξ, ἔσσι γλυκερῶν ποταμῶν λείποντι ῥέεθρα.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΘΥΡ. Ἀρχέε κλαυθμωδῆς, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχεῖ ἀοιδᾶς.
 Οὐκέτι ῥ' ἦθεοι καὶ παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι
 Συμπαΐσδοντι χόρειαν ἄγοντες ἐν ὥρεσιν ἀκρῆς·
 Οὐδέ τι, Πάν, λάλεε λιγυρᾷ σύριγι μέλισμα,
 Αὐτὰρ δακρυχέων ἔλκεϊν αἶαςδε θανοίσθην.

ΚΟΡ. Ἀρχέε κλαυθμωδῆς, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχεῖ ἀοιδᾶς.
 Κλαίετε τὰι παγαί, χώρεί τε, ἢ ὥρεα μῶνα,
 Ἄνδρες πωμφοκοί τε, ἔσ' ἄλσεα ποιήεντα·
 Χαίρετε δ', Ἀθάνατοι, ὅκα ὑψόθι νῦν βασιλεύει.

ΘΥΡ. Καὶ μὰν τοῖς μύθοις αὐτὸς συναΐεσθαι ἤδη·
 Οὐ γὰρ μοῖρ' ὅλοα πάμπαν ῥ' ἐδάμασεν Ἀνασάν·
 Τήναι σὺν πᾶσιν θαλίας ἔχθ' Οὐρανίδαισιν,
 Καὶ χορὸν ἱμερμέντα πεπλεκτοῖσι καθισᾷ
 Ποσὶν, χαιρῶν δ' αὖτις οἷς Περηγόνουσι.
 Οὐδὲ μὲν αἰνόμορφι πάμπαν ἢ ἀνόλβιοι εἰμές·
 Τοῖος ἐν ἀμετέρῃσι ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ ἴδρυ' ἀγροῖς
 Ἴφι περιτέλλων, φοβερός τ' ἐχθροῖσι Βρετάννων.

ΚΟΡ. Καὶ τόδε ναμερτές· παύραις σοναχαῖσι δ' Ἀνασάν·
 Τίς φθονεῖ αἶαςδεν, ὅκα θρέψασκεν ἅπαντας
 Οἶδ' ὀνυγισσῆς, πρᾶν τε τὸς Οὐρανίωνας,
 Οἶδε θεμιστεύειν, ἀρεταῖς τε διέπρεπεν ἄλλων.
 Ταῦτα σμικρὰ φέρει δωράματα Μῶσαι θανοίσθῃ.
 Ἦνίδε δ' Ἥλιος ποτὶ τ' ὠκεανὸν τρέπῃ ἵππως
 Δύνων, ἢ ποιμαῖ κεκοραμμένα ἀγρὸς ἔλειψαν·
 Τένεκα νῦν, ποιμᾶν, ποτὶ τῶντρον ἀμὸν ὀπάδει,
 Ἴνα λύπας μύθοισιν ἀμοιβὰς ἐξαπατῶμεν.

P I E T A S.

AST O Divorum quicquid regit aethere in alto
Terras *Angligenumque* Genus! quid pallida rerum
Fert facies? quonam fato Tria Regna laborant?

Scilicet exanimis jacet heu! CAROLINA — *Britannum*
Perfregitque animos, nunc primum causa doloris.
Ter gemuit sacrâ Tellus viduata Parente:
Ter luctu jactabant vocem ad sidera montes.
Verum quid facinus tantum, proh Numina sacra!
In Vos gens *Britonum* potuit committere? vel si
Quid potuit — tantaene animis coelestibus irae?

O quàm dissimili orta dies haec omine, nobis
Et CAROLINAE — aetas meritò quam postera flebit!
Illa hinc nativi repetit sublimia coeli,
Inter Avos regnans Atavosque — ubi cernere detur
Vultus, & notas audire & reddere voces:
At lacrymae nobis & non medicabile vulnus.

Despice (mortali si fas turbare Deorum
Gaudia paulisper) terras, Regina, relictas:
Feralem pompam, pullatum despice mundum.
Te luget *Batavus* — diris clangoribus aether
Teutonicus resonat — pro Te sensitse fatetur
Insolitum *Turca* angorem praecordia circum,
Lacrymulaeque genas tandem tinxere silentes.
Verum nec *Batavus*, nec *Turca*, nec accola *Rheni*
Scit, qualis fidi *Britonis* dolor ossibus ardet.

Palmas en! duplices tendens ad sidera miles
Quid, gemebundus ait, juvat aerea claustra tenere
Jani luctantem *Martem*, si saevior armis
Incubuit *Libitina*, & agens impune triumphos
Funere Regali pallentem turbet olivam?

Purpureas viden' orbatam violare puellam
Ungue furentem genas, lacrymarum flumine falso

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

In niveos labente finus! — ut lumina tollens
Sidera faeva vocat, Superùm quòque numina faeva!
Quid miserae mihi restat, ait? — Te fospite, Diva,
(Nam Te perpetuo Divae venerabor honore)
Nil mihi felici optandum superesset — in Unâ
Amisios reperi ex cunis utrosque Parentes.
Verùm O rapta salus! — mihi jam suspiria forti,
Luctuque in medio vitae meminisse prioris.

Siccine, proh facinus! *Tritonia* Virgo, tueris
Illam, Quae studiosa tuas protexit & auxit
Artes, *Aoniae* non ultima gloria turbae,
Quamque tuo gremio docuisti? *Martia* cassis
Nil, aegisve sonans proprias tutabitur artes?

Tuque, O! quando parem invenies, sanctissima Virtus?
Dic, quoties *CAROLINA* tui penetralia templi
Augustè supplex petiit, stipante catervâ
Ingenti, quoties donis altaria pressit.
Quantùm olim potuit castissimus incorruptae
Relligionis amor, dicat *Germania*, dicant
Inviti *Hispani* — pro quâ despectus *Jarbat*.
Non sceptrum pedibus submissum, non diadema
Flexerat incoctum generoso pectus honesto.
O major Regno, partus virtute triumphus!

Sed jam se rerum tristissima pandit imago:
Inviti ad Regis sedes clamore vocamur.
Hic vero ingentem luctum — ceu caetera nusquam
Fata forent, nulli totâ quererentur in urbe.
Haud magis implerunt gemitu ac ululatibus aedes
Amplas infelix *Priamus*, *Priamique* nepotes,
Fortis *Achillides* cùm jam exultavit in ipso
Vestibulo, gestans ferrumque ignemque Deosque.
Aspicias extinctae Sobolem super ora Parentis
Oscula libantem suprema? — en! *GEORGIUS* ipse

P I E T A S.

Ut tremit, ut pallet! — fatoque rigere videtur
Proximo—at avertant, precor, omen Diique Deaeque!
Ah! qualis CAROLINA jacet, nunc non Tua conjux!
Quis blandis dubium Tibi, GEORGI, leniet olim
Confiliis pectus? curas quis dividet acres?
Dum patrias sedes & dulcia rura revises,
Foedere certantes meditans conjungere sacro
Reges, Orbemque aeternâ componere pace,
Quae Dea, discedente Jove, attrectabit habenas
Imperii, atque dabit per laetos jura Britannos?

Verùm age; jam frontis luctum, fortissime Princeps,
Discute, nec tantis amissam questibus urge
Sponsam, ne amissum quoque lugeat Anglia Patrem.

Dan. Burnaby A. M.
Coll. Div. Joh. Soc.

As, while a tempest gath'ring clouds prepare,
A pleasing calmness steals upon the air,
The Sun refulgent darts a warmer ray,
And more than common lustre decks the day;
Sudden the winds thro' the dark aether roar,
The Sun obscur'd delights our eyes no more,
With burst impetuous the big cloud descends
And in a storm the pleasing vision ends:
AUGUSTA born, so Fortune seem'd to smile,
And pour her choicest blessings on this Isle;
With sweetest grace we saw the Infant shine,
And view'd in Her a future CAROLINE;
Her birth now faintly stops our rising sighs,
For lo! our Queen, our CAROLINA dies.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Excelling charms of face in some we find,
And others boast the beauties of the mind;
In Thee conspicuous all these graces shone,
These various gifts, Great Queen, were all Thy own:
Hence willing Nations sue for Thy command,
And *Austria's* pow'rfull Sceptre courts Thy hand;
But willing Nations' homage You disdain,
And *Austria's* Sceptre courts Your hand in vain:
From fair Religion's tract You scorn'd to stray,
Where white-rob'd Faith points out the arduous way.

Thus diff'rent paths the young *Alcides* views,
Here Pleasure courts Him, and there Virtue sues;
Pleasure's alluring smiles in vain entice,
Resolv'd He scorns the flow'ry groves of vice,
Thro' Virtue's paths He seeks the blest abodes,
Deserves the Skies, and shines among the Gods.

For Thee the Fates ev'n here rewards ordain,
A nobler Empire and an happier Reign:
Bade You great GEORGE'S virtuous love to crown,
And add new lustre to the brightest Throne.

Oft as the King left mournfull *Britain's* strand,
And with His presence blest'd some happier Land,
We saw whole Nations willingly obey
Your temper'd justice and Your milder sway:
So when the Sun illumes some distant coast,
And all things here in darkness would be lost,
Sudden ascends the Moon's refreshing light,
Sheds her mild gleam, and beautifies the night.

But cease, fond Youth, nor think to raise Her fame;
'Tis tunefull *Pope* should celebrate Her Name,
Should, like the subject, make the song divine,
And grace his choicest verse with CAROLINE.

William Fraigneau, Trin. Coll.

P I E T A S.

QUI modo felices coelo decurrere soles
Vidimus, & radiis nuper luceſcere laetis,
Regia cum Proles, ſanctus quam protulit *Hymen*,
Dulci laetitiâ perfudit corda *Britannum*,
Gaudia funerei vicibus mutare doloris
Cogimur, atque oculos in longum ſolvere fletum.
Sic gratum quicquid terras, optabile quicquid
Viſit, agit ſecum curas, lacrymasque ſequaces
Ducit, & immenſo luctu venit empta voluptas.

Illius quis enim verbis deſcribere noctis
Horrores valet, & ſingultu aequare labores,
Cum, quicquid mortale fuit, conceſſit avaris
Parcarum manibus CAROLINA, ſuique beatas
Aſcendens coeli ſedes Anima exiit omnes
Pulveris humani ſordes, terrasque reliquit?
Non minor infremeret luctus, talesque ſonarent
Singultus, plangorque, & foeminei ululatus,
Si, flammâ *Albionis* multum graſſante per urbes,
Anglia, *Gallorum* quondam clariffima victrix,
Supremum ingemeret *Gallorum* diruta marte.

Ignotas animas vulgi compeſcere trifti
Lege parum eſt: Regum praeclarâ caede triumphat
Horrida Maieſtas Mortis: nec plurima Regni
Participem *Angliaci* Virtus, cognataque coelo
Defendit Pietas, nec dextro numine *Pallas*
Triftia tum potuit *Libitinae* frangere jura,
Et cultrice ſua fatalem avertere peſtem.

Occidit ergo annis non immatura peractis
Communis *Britonum* Mater; ſed plurima laudis
Exſtruxit monumenta ſuae, teſtesque reliquit,
Qualis erat, quantâque animum virtute regebat:

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Servat enim memori fixos in pectore mores
Inclyta Maternos Soboles, quantúmque supremis
Exsultat titulis, & magni sanguine GEORGI,
Tantum alios superare ardet virtutis amore.

Scilicet *Angligenas* Reginae iusta peremptae
Cura premit, lacrymisque piis nostra ora rigantur:
Illi Sacra tamen plausu fremituque secundo
Agmina gratantur, purâque in imagine castos
Infigunt oculos, choreisque adungere gaudent.

Talis *Hyperboreas*, amisso lumine, turbas
Plurima moerentes Lampas *Phoebea* relinquit:
At, longâ dum nocte dolent, tenebrisque sepultae,
Oppositum radiis *Titan* propioribus orbem
Illustrat, totusque alto splendore refulget.

Sep. Plumptre
Coll. Regal. Alumn.

DA mutos luctus, lacrymas tacito manantes,
Haud voce, haud querulo murmure tempus eget.

Funere in exiguo loquitur dolor; at stupet ingens,
Cum CAROLINA rogo victima moesta jacet.

Marsellus Osborne, Coll. Div. Joh. Ev.
Socio-Commensalis.

P I E T A S.

DUM *Britones* laeto celebrant sua gaudia cantu,
Eximiosque *AUGUSTA* accendit nata triumphos,
Flebilis auditur sonus, attonitamque per urbem
Tristia Regali procedunt funera pompâ.
Sic dum *Roma* suos gaudebat surgere muros,
Exultans Divis sacrosque parabat honores,
Indigno vidit pereuntem vulnere *Remum*,
Festaque funereis mutavit ferta cupressis.

Solvimur in lacrymas, quoties Tua surgit Imago,
Insignis scepro, meritâque ornata coronâ,
Digna subire vices Regis, regnoque potita
Angliaco dare jura videris non minor orbi.
Sic *Atlas* moli assuetæ, veterique labori
Sufficit *Alciden*, vires oneri exhibet aequas
Ille, nec impositi nutat sub pondere Mundi.

Quàm vultu immoto stabas, quàm fronte serenâ,
Cum vanas sensere artes; & inutile ferrum
Fleverunt Medici, venturique omina fati
Murmura praedixere, interruptæque querelae!
Tunc placidi nituere oculi, mortemque sub ipsam
Altior assurgis, Reginamque induis omnem.
Haud aliter, primo sub vespere clarior ignis
Emicat, egregiis coelumque coloribus ardet,
Fulgidiorque cadentem exornat purpura Solem.

Thomas Whinyates Trin. Coll Alum.

ΑΛΛ' Ἀρετῇ γέρας ἑνδοξον, ἣ Σοὶ, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΗ·
Φαίδιμον ἀλλὰ Διὸς Τέκνον Ὀλυμπῷ ἔχει.

Νῦν λείψασα βροτοῖο πρόσωπον φαίνεται, Αὐτὴ
Ἡμεῖς ἐν Θνητοῖς, Ἀθανάτοις Θεά.

*G. Harvest Coll. Magd.
Socio-Commenfalis.*

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUID lamenta valent, aut naenia vana, *Britanni?*
Quid procerum series & longi funeris ordo?
Heu! formae tales communi in morte dolorum
Apparent; luctûs sub larvâ tristis imago
Saepe latet, mos & tantum proclamat honestum.
Nunc species fallax absit, nunc pompa recedat
Ex omni vultu ingenuo, cum nostra malorum
Causa nimis saeva est, satis haud deflenda vel ipso
Totius gentis gemitu verisque querelis.

Tale Tuis vulnus ferè non reparabile letum,
O CAROLINA, Tuum dedit & solaminis expers.
Te non Imperium, non ars, non copia *Romae*
A firmâ pietate, Dei cultuque ciêrunt.
Orbatâ patriâ Te Munificentia pallet;
Ergo Te plorant Artes, & singula Virtus:
Te Soboles luget, Te Vir, dum protrahit aevum,
Lugebit, Quae sola decus mentisque levamen
Nuper eras. Horti sic quando cultor amoeni
Suave periclymenon ducit, curâque maritat
Flore suâ nutans conferto, sedulus, ulmo;
(Quae decus est agri, & columnen se praebet amanti,
Non soli, verum ex saevis tutela procellis
Omnibus arbuftis propè fit) si forsân iniqua
Falce manus plantam secât, arboris ornamentum —
Te, Pater & columnen Patriae, sic Fata relinquunt
Diro femideâ viduatam Coniuge morbo.

Chara AUGUSTA Patri, FREDERICO chara marito,
Haec CAROLINA Tibi, Princeps, Tu GEORGIUS Illi;
Fama sit aequalis, dilectaque nomina Divis,
Gestis ambo pares, pietatis honoribus ambo,
Vestrum & nobilitas laudes dilatet avitas.

Hardwick Sewel A. B. Coll. Christi

Socio-Commensalis.

P I E T A S.

STAY yet a while, blest Saint, O stop thy flight
 As yet to Heav'n's bright region, deign a while,
 Tho' pent, distress'd, and struggling to be free,
 O deign to suffer yet a while below;
 Thy weeping People cannot yet sustain
 The wondrous loss, surpriz'd and sunk with grief;
 They cannot yet support the mighty Pang.
 To meet prepar'd a flock like this, demands
 An Ages labour, or a Soul like Thine. —
 In vain we call: — not with more pleasure once
 She fled th' Imperial Diadem, when Faith,
 Religion's handmaid, was her guide, than now
 She spurns the British Crown, and soars away
 To yon blest Goal. — a more illustrious Crown
 There waits her, glowing with celestial gems
 And Eden's never-fading rose, a Crown
 Which only cou'd her wide Ambition fill,
 Or equal her Deserving — We the while
 Sit sadly pining, with fond fruitless care
 Count ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace, and Art,
 That sat enthron'd within her Royal Breast. —
 O for the rapid Eagle's founding wing
 To bear thy praise, far as thy bounteous Mind
 It's Influence shed! for, not alone confin'd
 To *Britain's* Isle, thy kind parental Care
 Shower'd down its Balm o'er new-adopted Climes,
 And Nations rising under other Suns. —
 But far, O very far beneath the Muse
 Hangs hov'ring; pleas'd, if haply she may paint
 In all-unworthy verse the smiling train
 Of private home-felt Virtues, that enrich'd
 With sweet enamel life's domestic scenes,
 And o'er thy calm retirement breath'd a gale
 Richer than *India's*: white-rob'd Piety
 Aided by Thee her altars trim'd anew,
 Relum'd her lamp. and kindled all her fires:

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

When rig'rous Fortune chill'd the throbbing pulse
Of high hereditary Worth, again
Warm'd by Thy smiles the gen'rous current flow'd,
And the Soul open'd all its mines anew;
Thy call oft summon'd blushing Science forth
From the dark cell of shiv'ring Penury
To thine own Sunshine; the poor Criminal
Oft blest thy soft compassion, oft he rear'd
His hands to Thee unmanacled, awak'd
At once to Life, to Liberty, and Virtue;
For thy sweet Mercy, like the beam of Heav'n,
Kindled each hidden spark of Grace within,
And heal'd the Soul: — a Gift more pretious far
Than that, which arm'd the touch medicinal
Of thy great Consort's fam'd Progenitors;
A thousand secret heav'n-inspired Acts
Of Royal Mercy and Benevolence
Now spring to light, and flourish on thy grave,
Silent and veil'd before, yet not unheard,
Unseen, — upborn by holy Angels wings,
Soaring they reach'd th' eternal throne of God,
With sweeter music, more persuasive accent,
Than full-voic'd Quires, where the rapt Souls combine
In one bright blaze, and mingling mount to Heaven.
'Twas this, when Faction shew'd her horrid teeth,
And growl'd impatient, when seditious Rage
Wax'd hot; 'twas this, that eas'd thy pensive breast
With sweet reflexion; there thou viewd'st a scene
Serene and mild, no Tempests ravag'd there,
No Faction mutter'd, no Sedition rag'd;
But all was calm, like the first beauteous Spring,
That op'd the buds of Paradise. — But see,
O see the Princely Progeny, distressed
And languishing with woe! — their Royal Parent
Scarce felt a pang more exquisite, when first
She gave them smiling to th' auspicious morn,

And

P I E T A S.

And blest th' expecting World — they pine, they droop
Disconsolate, as, when the fost'ring Elm
Uprooted falls, the filial Vines hang down
Their tender heads, uncertain where to bend
Or where to fix their tendrils — Lastly Thee,
Thee, Royal Mourner, let the Verse bewail; —
Who now shall share thy labours? Who shall fill
The peaceful golden intervals of life
With sweet endearing converse? all thy State
Grows irksome now, and cumbrous all thy Train;
Thy Crown sits heavy on thy brow, thy hand
Scarce grasps the Regal Sceptre; oft in vain
Thou seek'st thy Consort's aid, recallest oft
Her wondrous, more than manly Strength of Mind,
Her more than Woman's Tenderneſs; each Word,
Each Action now with sad remembrance wounds
Thy suff'ring breast; when Nations at thy feet
Shall prostrate fall, and supplicating Kings
Bow their afflicted heads before thy Throne,
'Midst all the pomp, 'midst all the dazzling blaze
Of Royalty, thine eye shall visit oft
Thy much-lov'd Partner's Throne, and weep to view
The desolation there. — But soft, my Muse,
Touch not the sacred dread repository
Of Princes thoughts; — back to the flow'ry top
Of *Pindus*, there in sad assemblage join
Thy weeping Sisters; cull each herb, each flower,
Of spicy breath, or honey-dropping dew,
And strew them all on CAROLINA'S Tomb.

Henry Pemberton A. B.

Fellow of Cath. Hall.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Q^UIS clamor aures insolitus ferit ?
Quis moeror urget pectora *Brittonum*,
Latè tyrannus ? cur GEÖRGI
Sollicito fedet ore pallor ?

Non usitatus, non tenuis dolor.
Direpta fatis occidit, occidit
Dilecta pars Regis, decusque
Angliacae CAROLINA gentis.

Mœstam cohortem cernere Virginum
Passis vagantem jam videor comis,
Circum cadaver luctuosum
Jam lacrymis madidum, gementem.

Flevare tantis vix querimoniis
Tristes Ministrae, tristior & Soror,
Infausta *Dido*, Te peremptam,
Te Populi, Procerumque coetus.

Sed Quis, GEÖRGI, carmine Quis tuos
Luctus in imo pectore conditos
Aequare possit ? Nec querelis,
Nec lacrymis aditus patefcit.

Sic morte raptos praepete filios,
Captosque cives cum *Priamus* senex
Vidit, suamque *Trojam* euntem
In cineres, stupefactus haesit.

At O ! dolori pone modum ; Tuis
Te redde, Princeps, heu ! nimium pie ;
Nec ploret, extinctis duobus
Sideribus, viduata Tellus.

John Smith Aul. Pemb.

P I E T A S.

נפל צבי מלכנו	בנות ארץ אלביונה
איך נזעכו אורינו	למלכתכן אז בכינה
גם הוד ושמחתנו	מלמדתכן בחכמה
אויה לך מלכנו	בתורת יהוה תמימה

בנות מלך ספודנה	איכה יעיב אלהים
מי תגיד לעשות בינה	הדר איי גדולים
לכן תמיד זכורנה	אבלו כלכם בריטנים
הצדקת כרולינה	עצבו כלכם חסידים

I.

How has Jehova wrap'd in night
The splendors of the *British* Throne!
How is Thy glory, Thy delight,
Great Monarch, in one moment flown!

II.

With Thee each honest *Briton* sighs,
And feels a sympathetic woe:
We see Thy mighty sorrows rise,
And all the Husband's anguish know.

III.

Thee, CAROLINE, Thy People mourn,
They seek the Mother and the Queen;
With copious tears bedew Thy Urn,
And offer thousand vows in vain.

L

Thee

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

IV.

Thee, never more to bless our eyes,
 Regardless now of mortal things,
Thy Guardian Angel, thro' the skies,
 Leads, on thy new Seraphic wings.

V.

Fair Science shrouds her drooping face,
 And strives with unavailing art,
In sadly-soothing mournful lays,
 To calm the tumults of the heart.

VI.

Grateful, the Sons of *Cam* rehearse
 The virtues of th' illustrious Dame,
And dignify th' unequal verse
 With praises of the best-lov'd name.

VII.

Lean, Wisdom, o'er thy Vot'ry's Tomb;
 Here, Fame, thy silver trumpet sound:
Hither, ye peaceful Virtues, come,
 And guard the consecrated ground.

VIII.

Sleep undisturb'd the Royal Dust;
 Till at th' Angelic call refin'd,
(The solemn call, that wakes the Just)
 It rise to clothe the well-known mind.

Tho. Sanderson M. A.
Fellow of Sidney-Suffex Coll.

P I E T A S.

Q U O D parcis, utcunque piis, Te laudibus ornet,
Atque iteret moestos rara Camoena sonos;

Da veniam, CAROLINA, Tuis; iustoque dolori
Cede, quod hoc taciti pignus amoris habes.

Obstanti questus lacrymâ cohibetur inanis;
Dumque oculi clamant, torpida lingua filet.

Nempe gravem stupor aerumnâ comitatur: at ista,
Quae solet esse loquax, non solet esse gravis.

Samuel Salter, A. M.

Coll. Corp. Christ. Socius.

H E I R to th' Imperial Throne young *Caesar* figh'd,
When his strong vows great CAROLINE deny'd,
And curs'd his greatness robb'd of such a bride.
Now then with heighten'd sorrow let him mourn,
Now let deep anguish to his soul return,
Let his vast loss from *Britain's* grief be known,
And GEORGE'S tears shall justify his own.

}
}

John Dodd

Fellow-Commoner of King's College.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

הסכיתו נא הבחורים
דובר אנכי תמרורים
יכון לבכות איש ביניכם
מתה מתה מלכתכם

תספיק חזה כל העלמה
תרחק חרה ירחק צלמה
הדר נשים לא עודנו
מלכת תפארת ארצנו

מתה מלכה חאמרתי
עזבה ארץ כן דברתי
תוסיף לחיות בשמים
תגדיל מספר מלאכים

מלכה במלכות אשריך
הנה ברכות הפניך
שמח וילון לראותמו
חלה ארץ על סורמו

תתנחמנה אמות תבל
למה תמותנה באבל
מלכת ארץ מלכת מים
מלכת עתה השמים

P I E T A S.

PHŌEBUS Musarumque cohors in carmina surgunt,
Nec tamen inveniunt carmina digna fatis;
Seu referant vitæ CAROLINAM exempla docentem,
Seu mirè intrepidam fata cruenta pati.
Te testem appellem, nostrum spes maxima GEORGI,
Reginâ invitus Tu pereunte manes.
Te dulcis conjux extremo lumine quaerit,
Et dextram in dextrâ ponere fida cupit.
' Si qua fides, vulnus, quod cernitur, haud dolet, inquit,
' Sed quòd Te linquam, vulnera certa fero.
' Nos nostrasque manus jūxit Deus optimus, & nos
' Qui jūxit, solum separat ille Deus.
Decedit CAROLINA — ad coelos lumina vertis,
Coeli consortem corripuere tuam.
Ad populum vertis, populum cernisque dolentem,
Nam tecum faciles solvimur in lachrymas.
Qualis erat CAROLINA, illam tua dona vocamus,
Chara Tuis meritò, quae Tibi chara fuit.
Et Tua *Granta* dolens CAROLINAE pandit honores,
Laudis opus faciunt funera laudis onus.
Aedes diva Dei tecum viduata gemiscit,
Tecum delicias perdidit illa suas.
Magna salus terris Reges, sed maxima Regum
Religio: a templis una columna ruit!
Nil mirum, summos regio si quaeque labores
Sentiat, invictus GEORGIUS ipse tremit:
GEORGIUS invictus! — fit felix omine carmen,
Et tristes ponat nostra Elegeia modos.

Kenrick Prescott A. M.

Aul. Cath. Soc.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

O V o u s, dont la tristesse aux larmes excitée
De l'objet de nos vœux deplore le trépas,
Venez, & vous verrez, quelle est la destinée,
L'inévitable sort des grandeurs d'ici bas.

CAROLINE n'est plus! ce pitié, ce zèle,
Ces bontés, ces vertus, qu'elle avoit sans égal,
Tout cela est passé, & la Mort très cruelle
L'a ravi, sans respect pour son état Royal.

Ce, qu'elle eut de mortel, s'eclipse à notre vue,
Sa mémoire pourtant parmi nous restera,
La gloire, de laquelle elle étoit revêtue,
Aux plus grands de chaque âge en exemple fera.

Dans sa vie elle étoit des malheureux l'asyle,
Repandant sur chacun sagement ses bienfaits,
D'une grande douceur, magnanime & facile,
Et prête à maintenir la concorde, & la paix ;

Protectrice des arts, & des belles sciences,
Ceux qui les cultivoient elle avoit en honneur ;
Et comblant les sçavants de ses munificences,
Son Règne étoit pour eux un suprême bonheur.

Aimable Princesse! Tu n'as point à Te plaindre
Des malheurs, qui souvent suivent la Royauté,
Tes vertus T'ont sçu mettre à couvert de rien craindre
Des fâcheux sentiments de la postérité.

A cette heure on Te peut louer sans flatterie,
Placer Ton Nom fameux entre les plus grands Noms ;
La mort en mettant fin à cette belle vie
Consacre les encens, que nous Te présentons.

J. Tousey A. B. C. C. G.

P I E T A S.

VAIN were the thought t'instruct the verse to flow
In lengthen'd numbers, and harmonious woe,
When honest Nature claims the nobler part,
And, proud of anguish, bares the bleeding heart;
Dejected Learning feels the fatal wound,
And *Granta* strows but wither'd bays around.

Ador'd and lost, whilst yet delusive Fame
Swell'd ev'ry blast with *CAROLINA'S* Name,
We fondly pray'd the strong disease might yield,
By potent herbs and human care repell'd;
Deceiv'd and wild! no strong disease was there,
No potent herbs requir'd, nor human care.
No, 'twas some wond'rous, some exalted thought,
That *Locke* inspir'd, or godlike *Newton* wrought;
Just when quick raptures fir'd the rising mind,
And Life hung hov'ring from its clay refin'd,
Heav'n but the transport it survey'd improv'd,
And snatch'd her glowing to the joys she lov'd.

Dissolv'd in light, at length th' unfetter'd soul
Dwells not on parts, but grasps th' amazing whole.
All eye, all ear, all ev'ry sense it flies,
Where worlds on worlds in endless order rise.
Thy thirst of Knowledge shall be satiate there,
Thy Faith be certainty, and Myst'ry clear,
Whilst smiling Seraphs purge the doubts between,
And thy own *Clarke*, perhaps, unfolds the scene.

Thus soar'd the Saint; for oh had Fate's command
Urg'd the dire stroke to blast our guilty land,
Strong filial tears had sooth'd the Tyrant's heart,
And Death relenting drop'd the lifted dart.
O! cou'd Thy life, great Parent, rise renew'd,
And ebbing veins beat high with purer blood,

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Each pious Offspring, all the Royal Line
Would smile in death to add Their years to Thine.

Ye gentle Race, and Thou, sad, widow'd Chief!
The Muse presumes not to console Your grief;
Yet think, O think—'twill give Your sorrows ease—
A Life of virtue, and a Death of peace!
In early youth she chose the sacred path,
And scorn'd an Empire to preserve her Faith;
Cou'd grandeur's utmost blaze undazled view,
And yield her heart, great GEORGE, to Heav'n and You.
Why shou'd I violate with less'ning praise
The full-blown honours of succeeding days?
Paint her compleat thro' ev'ry scene of life,
The Parent tender, and how fond the Wife!
The Queen—ye Pow'rs! let weeping millions tell,
How once they triumph'd, and what now they feel.

I see, O King, You pant to ease their pain,
Ah! wouldst thou soften theirs, Thy own restrain.
Dire wish!—no rather teach ev'n tears to flow,
Vent groan on groan, and pour out all Thy woe;
Left the pent heart shou'd labour to be free,
And *Albion* mourn its greater loss in Thee.

Thus the fam'd *Theban* hugg'd the deadly steel,
Nor wou'd, severely kind, his pangs reveal,
'Till full success the drooping Soldiers crown'd, }
Then, but too late, the lurking mischief own'd, }
And Life gush'd out, as he disclos'd the wound. }

Whitehead Clare Hall.

P I E T A S.

LUGEATIS vos, Camoënae, lugëas Tu, Dëlie,
*Aelinus*que sola vox fit, concinatis *aelinum*:
Per viam tenebricosam CAROLINA cogitur,
Unde denegant redire jussâ Ditis improba:
Illa, quae tam grata vobis praebuit solatia,
Illa, quae tam culta vobis condidit sedilia,
Per tenebras fertur orci, perque nigrantes lacus.

Vos malum, malae tenebrae, terque perdat & quater;
Chara nam crudeliter vos devoratis omnia:
Ecce! vestrâ acerbitate GEORGIUS singultibus
Luctuosus corda frustra concutit virilia.
Ecce! Principi silenti quantus incubat dolor!
Ecce! pulchrae flendo ocelli quam rubent AMELIAE!

Sic Camoenis culta priscis, & colenda posteris,
Sic suis diferta luctus occidit *Cornelia*.

O! canora fila si quis tangeret testudinis,
Dulcis ut suadela duram vinceret *Proserpinam*,
Utque rursus CAROLINA patriam reviferet!

Heu! protervis non valentes fundimus ventis preces;
Heu! procellae vota tenuem dissipant per aethera:
Nil chelis juvabit illa, nil juvabit, Thracium
Quâ feros lenire manes fabulantur *Orpheum*.

Ergo latè concinamus, concinamus *aelinum*;
Dumque moestus CAROLINAM GEORGIUS flet mortuam,
Regna jam simul dolori Regio vacent tria.

Hannier, Coll. Regal.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

איכה בגבורים ובעלי ספר
אבוא אני עני ודל הדעת
מוצא שפתם מי באר נובעת
ענו והגידו באמרי שפר
המה ואנכי עפר האפר

איכה אקונן לה בשלותיה
קמה לעולמים בצדקותיה
אף כי דמעות טלאו עינים
גופה בארץ עזבה בחיים
שבה נשמתה להשמים

איכה במלין אוכל לעצר
בא עת חמן שכלו צר
שמחת בריטניה השבית
צרה בבית מלכנו הרבית
המלכה לקח אל נוצר

איכה אבדנו צבי כל הארץ
אדיר מלכנו חזק אל תערץ
היטיב לבך ושמח בחיים
בית מלך הנחמו יום יומים
אל חי תן לכם שמחות אלפים

Israel Lyons L. S. Informator.

P I E T A S.

QUACUNQUE lucis aureum vibrat jubar
Auctor diei, sceptrum torquet ferrea
Manu rapaci saeva majestas necis,
Durique gentes legibus regni premit.
Nam seu senectâ membra longaevâ tremunt;
Dubiâve mentum vix tegit lanugine,
Nimis mendax barba promittit virum;
Longumve vitam polluit totum scelus;
Virtusve pura singulos annos regit;
Immitis omnes dextra mortis abripit,
Praedaeque cogit universas undique,
Jubetque moestis sedibus succedere.
Testis mearum tristis, at verax nimis,
Sententiarum mortis abrepta impetu
CAROLINA, regni particeps, alti toro
GEORGI beata. Quis Scytharum durior
Thracumque gente fletibus largis genas
Non rorat, alto corde singultus ciens?
Quis tale damni pondus immotus ferat?
Tantasque raptas morte virtutes ferâ
Siccis ocellis cernat, & totum pio
Pectus dolori saevus abnegat dare?
Unde O! rependat tale damnum tempora?
Unde O! renasci tanta jam virtus potest?

Jacobus Windham

Coll. Christ Alumn.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Η ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ ΤΗΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗΣ ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑΣ.

Ὡ σοφοὶ Γεράντης αἰοῖδοι, λεύσθε' ὡς ἐπιτύμως
 Ἐσκοπίδῃ λαμπρὸν ὄμμα, ἣ κατεσβέσθη φάος,
 Τῆς ἀείσης τῷ ἀνασῶν, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑΣ φιλτάτης.
 Ἀλλὰ δηρὸν ἠνχόμεθα σὺν κλυτῷ ΓΕΩΡΓΙΩ
 Ἐνθα μίμνεν ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑΝ, ἔρμα πάτρης ἀσφαλές.
 Αὐτὰρ ἔ' Φιλῶσι Μοῖραι πάντοθ' ἡμῖν ἀνδάνειν
 Οὐδὲ δάκρυς' ἔδέ τ' εὐχαῖς Περσέφασα θέλγεται.

Νῦν δὲ κλαῖε, Περσέφασα, μηδὲ, Μοῖραι, χαίρετε
 Οὐκ ὄλωλεν ἡ κρατῆσα τ' Βρεταννίδος χθονός,
 Ἀλλ' ἐς Οὐρανὸν βέβηκε φῶς ἀγανὸν αἰθέρος.
 Τῆτο γὰρ θέλῃσι Μῆσαι, τῆτο Φοῖβος ἤθελε,
 Τῆτο ἣ θέλῃσιν ἄσρων οἱ νόμος τεθεικότες,
 Ὅφρα λάμψῃ ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ ναυτίλοις τέκμων γλυκὺ,
 Ἦν μετὰξὺ Παρθένου τε τ' τε Λίτρας ὄψαι.
 Ὡς Κόνων ἔθηκ' ἐν ἄστροις ἠδὲ Βερενίκης φάος,
 Καὶ κομῶν ἔδωκε ξανθῶν κλεινὸν αὐγάζειν σέλας.

Ὅπποτ' ἐν Ἀναξ κελεύσει τὰς θοὰς Βρεταννίδας
 Νῆας ἢ πρὸς ἐσπέραν πλεῖν, ἢ πρὸς ἡάαν πλακά,
 Ὅφρα κῦδ' ἠδὲ πλῆτον πωροσφέρωσι πατρίδι,
 ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑΣ αὐτίκ' ἄστρον λάμψεται σωτήριον
 Τῆτο ναῦται δ' εἰσορῶντες, ἐμπεπλησμένοι χαρᾶς,
 Πολεμίων ἀρῶσι νίκῃ, ἔ' τὸν ὄλβον ἀσπετον.

Χαῖρε, δῖα ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ, λαμπρὸν ὄμμα πατρίδ' ἔ'
 Ὡς δὲ ζῶσα, ἔ' θανῶσα, χάρμ' ἔσῃ Βρεταννίας.

P I E T A S.

IF, when stern Fate has from our eyes remov'd
 A Man for science, or for morals lov'd,
 The generous breast, by real friendship taught,
 Feels anguish rise in ev'ry pensive thought,
 When Heav'n's dread mandate summons to the skies
 The common Guardian of the good and wise,
 Whom Mortals honour'd, and the Gods approv'd,
 Whom *Britons* reverenc'd, and whom BRUNSWIC lov'd;
 What limits shall our struggling passions keep?
 What friend to virtue wou'd not more than weep?
 Let every Bard, warm'd by *Apollo's* ray,
 In pious strains his plaintive off'rings pay;
 The mournfull brow let solemn cypress shade,
 Where once the Muse her sacred laurels spread;
 While common grief and grateful tears proclaim
 What *Albion* owes to CAROLINA's name.

When BRUNSWIC, anxious for the publick good,
 In distant climes his great designs pursu'd,
 With joy *Britannia* own'd Her gentle sway,
 While Virtue smil'd, and heav'nly Peace look'd gay;
 In Her, fair Partner of AUGUSTUS' Throne,
 His own great Soul with milder glory shone.
 So when the Sun rolls down his western way,
 And bears to other worlds the joys of day,
 Fair *Cynthia* cheers with silver beams the night,
 And calmly sheds her Brother's soften'd light.

Long did pale *Britain* for *Eliza* mourn,
 Long did she weep o'er bless'd *Maria's* urn;
 But CAROLINA to her sacred shade
 Shall see more lasting honours fondly paid;
 Those Princely Minds, she form'd with earliest care
 To grace the titles they were born to wear,
 To future ages shall transmit her fame,
 Rever'd in ANNA's, and AMELIA's name:
 Drawn at full length shall ev'ry Virtue shine,
 That Wisdom dictates, or that Arts refine,
 And all the Charms, that once were CAROLINE.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

While from *Britannia*'s eyes her sorrows flow,
While BRUNSWIC's bosom heaves with tend'rest woe,
Th' Angelic Choir in heav'nly hymns invite
Her spotless Spirit to the realms of light.

From those Blest Seats her eyes bent friendly down
Survey with fond concern the *British* Throne,
And see delighted crowding Seraphs spread
Their guardian wings round GEORGE'S Sacred Head;
While the Celestial Throng with eager care
Immortal honours for her brow prepare,
And Crowns, that with diviner radiance glow
Than Those She greatly scorn'd, or wore below.

W. Collier Trin. Hall.

EXTERNAS quoties invisit GEORGIUS oras,
Reginae imperii flectere froena dedit;
Illi tanta fuit pietas, clementia tanta,
Anglia vix visa est Rege carere suo.
Eheu! quam subito turbantur gaudia! letho
Occumbis Regni Tu, CAROLINA, decus.
Te modo delicias populi, nunc funere acerbo
Quam citò demersam Gens Tua moesta gemit.
Sed luctus compesce, afflicta *Britannia*; curam
Nunc etiam agnoscit Te CAROLINA suam;
GEORGIUM & agnoscens, Heroa tuetur ab omni
Illa malo; Genii sustinet illa vices.
Hisce sub auspiciis aeternâ pace fruetur,
Atque Orbi leges Terra *Britanna* dabit.

P. Wright Aul. Pemb. Alumn.

P I E T A S.

זהו חק מימים ימימה לתנות
וכל מליץ יגיד ויבכה בדמעות
חכמים אדירים וצדיקים
זקנים בחורים וילדים
ישמעו באחרית הימים מעשיה
יקראו ותמהו בספרים חיה
יברכו שמה ישבחו זכרונה
כאחד בקל אנחות יפקידנה
הלא לשמע און דאבה נפשנו
דוד גדלת חכמה לקחה ממנו

J. Gage, A. B. Coll. Corp. Christ.

TÉMPORIS annales lapsi, monumentaque rerum
Volvite—quid terris tristius incubuit?
Occidit heu! CAROLINA, decus columeque *Britannum*;
Lux illa aeternis obruitur tenebris.
Anglia, quod vixit per bina decennia pacis,
Affulsit Superum conspiciendus amor:
Tot felicia dona ita non speravimus empty,
Ut fuerint tanto persolvenda malo.
Credidimus rediisse iterum *Saturnia* regna,
Atque iterum terras incoluisse Deos:
Gaudia jam moeror castigat; & improbus Orcus
Te quoque mortalem, Te, CAROLINA, probat.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Quid, licèt ingenuas ornâsti mōribus artes,
Conspiciuſque animi riſit in ore decor?
Scilicet inferitur Coelo hinc praeclarior Hoſpes,
Sed magis abreptam *Pallada* Terra dolet.
Praemia quanta ſibi auderet promittere Muſa,
Spes modo facundi vixerat Illa chori?
Accendēre animos ad honeſta imitamina doctos
Artifici nuper marmora ſculpta manu:
Poſteraque ut talem Reginam agnoſceret aetas,
Infantes ſtatuæ nunc didicere loqui:
Ingenii reſonant laudes ſpirantia faxa,
Famamque aeternant, Diva benigna, tuam.
Enituit quanquam Virtus Tua purior undis
Frigore conſtrictis, candidiorque nive;
Quanquam in ſereno Majeſtas ſplendida vultu
Conjunxit focias cum Pietate manus;
Eheu! quid valeant? totis cum militat armis
Morborumque cohors, & *Libitina* ferox.
Dīs ſuperis cecidiſti hinc lucrum gratius; eſto:
Damna tamen *Britones* flebiliora ferunt.
Nobis Relligio, quaſi ruſum exulta, refulgens
Illius exemplo crevit & auſpiciis.
Nunc raptam luget pullata Eccleſia Matrem,
Quae gremio tantos nutriit alma viros.
Occidit illa Parens, per Quam, commercia Coeli
Et patuere ſuis, & valuere preces.
Occidit illa tamen — pro Quâ, ne lumina claudat
Mors feſtina nimis, nil valuere preces.
Sic viſum eſt Superis; rapuere ingentia nobis
Gaudia, ne Coelis aemula Terra foret.

Ric. Keble A. B.
Coll. Regin, Soc.

P I E T A S.

W^HEN the first Sun inform'd the teeming Earth,
And call'd forth all her beauties into birth,
Nature new-born the shining Lamp admir'd,
But shrunk affrighted, as his Orb retir'd,
In horror plung'd She fear'd eternal Night
Had spread her mantle o'er the realms of light;
Not less dismay'd the widow'd Nation shook,
When *Britain's* Queen her drooping State forsook;
The Soul, which warm'd before, born far away
No longer animates the lifeless Clay.

See ! She ascends: whilst each desiring eye
Pursues her passage thro' the yielding sky;
Wing'd on white pinions She directs her way
To the fair regions of eternal Day;
The radiant Throng salute their kindred Guest
And joy diffusive glows in ev'ry breast:
But, O bright Saint! forego yon blest abode,
And cease to gaze one moment on Thy God,
Behold a Scene less gratefull here below,
A dreary waste of wide-extended woe;
Tho' Your fair Virtues bliss eternal gain,
Yet we with grief those Virtues lost sustain;
Such is the frailty of the Human Mind,
Still to the dictates of Self-love confin'd;
Then blame Him not, who mourns his softer part
Torn from his arms, the Partner of his heart,
Whose easy smiles cou'd smoothe the toil of life,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom he lov'd a Wife;
He weeps, nor weeps alone; with duteous tears
Th' endearing Solace of his future years,
The tender Pledges of connubial love,
Watch o'er his sorrows, and with sighs approve;
So when the Stock, whose vegetative pow'r
Bloom'd forth luxuriant in each purple flow'r,

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Of life disrob'd inclines her wither'd head,
The daughter Buds their fading beauties shed,
Her verdure blasted by relentless frost,
They feel her fate, and mourn her honours lost.

Then, O blest Shade! for sure Thou know'st the art
To sooth the sad, or heal the wounded heart,
With early pity calm a Nation's grief;
A weeping Nation claims thy kind relief:
Mark out the whiten'd path Thy Virtues trod,
The peacefull way to happiness and God:
So shall those streams be dry'd, which flow'd before,
And each sad bosom swell with sighs no more.

S. Parker M. A.
Eman. Coll.

Ως ἔσιδεν Βασιλεὺς θνήσκουσαν Μητέρα λαῶν,
Αὐτὸς συνθνήσκειν ἤθελ' ὀδυρόμενθ'.

Κέρως δ' εἰσορόων καὶ Κέρως Μήτερι ἴσως,
Τοῖς μὲν εὐφρογνέων ζῆν ποθέσκει Πατήρ.

Ὡς ἀπορῶν θυμῷ γε διάνδιχα μερμήριζεν,
Ἦὲ Γυναικὶ θάνοι, ὕϊσιν ἢ βιοῖ.

Κραζομένης δ' ἄρα πάντας ἀκέων—Παλῖδα σῶσον,
Αὐτὸν ἔδωκ' Ἀγλοῖς, τὴν δὲ Γυναῖκα Θεοῖς.

Marcus Gretton Aul. Pemb. Alumn.

P I E T A S.

ERGONE terrestres CAROLINAM linquere sedes
 Fata jubent? Animaene ergo vis ignea molem
 Corpoream excutiens cognata ad fidera tendit?
 Sic oh! sic, *Britones*, fixum est—jam jamque ministri
 Aetherei citharis coelestia carmina jungunt,
 Reginaeque sacrum fubeunti limen Olympi
 Gratantur, dulcique omnes modulamine vocis
 Conclamant, salve, salve, decus addita Coelo!
 Sed licet ad Superum sedes, CAROLINA, veharis
 Angelico celebrata choro, non fecius acri
Albion infelix parat indulgere dolori,
 Virtutesque Tuas elegis memorare laborat.
 Ipse etiam accumulem, motus pietate, Parentem
 His saltem donis, & munere fungar inani!

Verum unde incipiam? Quas primum dicere laudes
 Aggrediar? neque enim quivis, CAROLINA, Tuarum
 Virtutum egregios dignè describat honores.

At laudes, Regina, Tuas supereminet omnes
 Relligio: teneros quam Te coluisse per annos
 Testantur spretae, quas obtulit *Austria*, dotes,
 Rejectumque piâ Sceptrum Regale Puellâ.
 Lugeat amissam jam sancta Ecclesia Matrem:
 Quando parem inveniet, cujus stet pectore puro
 Tam sincera Fides, & nescia fallere Virtus?
 Qualis erat, Regina, Tui morientis imago!
 Quam mirè Pietas, & Mens sibi conscia recti
 Horrendos Leti evaluit superare timores!
 Dum Tu divinos fudisti e pectore sensus,
 Corde agitans quæ sint, & quæ ventura trahantur.

O Regina! Tuis multum deflenda Camoenis,
 Quas ita fovisti, quas inter grata terebas
 Otia, doctrinaeque sitim sedare solebas;

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Quà referunt doctos spirantia marmora vultus,
Laetanturque sacrae posuisse sedilia Musae.

Quàm digna imperio *Britonas* frenare, decora
Majestate humili, Populum CAROLINA regebat!
Albion, externas peteret cum GEORGIUS oras,
Consiliis, Regina, Tuis instructa quietem
Percepit placidam, & risit secura procellas.

Qualis eras privata, satis, CAROLINA, loquuntur
Fletus & ingentes curae luctusque Tuorum.
Extremos cum Tu gemitus moritura dedisti,
Conjugis infandum pinget quae Musa dolorem;
Aut miserae Proles? — luctu quae percita noctem
Deflevit, moestis latè loca questibus implens:
Amissam qualis luget sine more parentem
Populeâ moerens Philomelae foetus in umbrâ.
Tum gemuit *Britonum* Tellus, Naturaque luctu
Palluit, incessitque per Orbem luridus Horror.

At tristes inter lacrymas gaudete, *Britanni*,
Quod tam coelestis mortali in pectore Virtus
Angliacam dederit latè splendescere Terram.
Gaudete, Imperii quod adhuc spes maxima nostri
Illustris superet, Matrique fimillima Proles.
Gaudeat et Proles vectam per fidera Matrem
Coelestem, meritis partam, accepisse coronam.

Tuque adeò Coeli templis, CAROLINA, recumbens
Regales animas inter, quæis *Anglia* curae,
Dilectam foveas etiamnum Numine Terram,
Gentis & *Angliacae* GENIUS patiare vocari.

J. Upton
Coll. Regal. Alumni.

P I E T A S.

PULLATAE resoluta comas *Academia* Pubi
 Funereos cantus praecipit ore pio.
 Funereos cantus, tumido quâ volveris alvêo,
 Luctifono defers murmure, *Câme* Pâter.
 Praenituere artes folio; placidoque Sorores
Pierias fovit docta Patrona finu.
 Invitum cum furriperet *Germania* Regem,
 Atque *Europaeae* nobile Pacis opus;
 Imperii justo moderamine flexit habênas
 Conjux, nec sensit civis abesse Virum.
 Ingentem vidui quae Musa referre dolorem
 BRUNSVICI, & fletus ipsa tènere valet?
 Vix ita, depositâ lauru sumptâque cupressô,
 Plorâsti Uxorem, clare WILHELME, Tuam.
 “ Me miserum! summos Quâcum partirer honores,
 “ Solarer curas, mors inimica premit.
 “ Firmavit, Proceres dubiâ cùm mente labarent,
 “ Consilio quôties me CAROLINA suo?
 “ Felix illa dies! quae cara in brachia cãram
 “ Te mihi, pars animae maxima, prima dedit.
 “ *Caesareas* aquilas Te vidit spernere Numen,
 “ Sceptroque implevit nobiliore manum.
 “ Gloria regnabas GEORGI Populique: sed ista
 “ Gloria (fata volunt invidiosa) perit.
 Solvitur in luctus effusos Regia Proles,
 Demissos vultus lacryma larga rigat:
 “ Quò fugis, & sanctum exemplar monitusque salubers
 “ Stirpi dilectae subtrahis, alma Pãrens?
 “ Tu teneros annos formabas: splendida Virtus
 “ Accepit virês, Te praeeunte, novas.
 Lacryma ficcetur, luctusque prēmantur inanes;
 Mirantes oculos fidera celsa vocant.
 Hic radiis CAROLINA nitet redimita coruscis;
 Adscriptae Divis gaudja pura fluunt.
 Ut Sibi laetatur pulchram sociare MARIAM!
 ANNA sacrum stipat, stipat ELISA latus.
 Magne chorus, juncâ perfundas luce *Britannos*,
 Fastisque auspiciis grandia coepta regas.

S: Ray A.M. Magd. Coll. Soc.

Q

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

To the KING.

FORGIVE, Great Monarch, an unskillful Muse;
Whilst She the melancholy task pursues;
Yet, like a Virgin, blushes to appear,
And trembling, takes her flight with modest fear:
Willing to please, She tries the tuneful art,
To sooth the bleeding anguish of Your heart;
While the sad Nation weeps her state forlorn,
And You a Confort—We a Parent mourn.

Mad Poets feign, that Nature felt the stroke,
And trembling from its inmost center shook:
We see no Comet glow with fatal rage,
Nor hostile Angels wars ætherial wage;
No Heav'n-born Wonders wait upon Her doom,
No Pomp—but *Britain* weeping o'er Her tomb:

Rear the fair Column, spread the polish'd Base,
High on the top the Sacred Image place,
The Scepter well deserv'd, the Royal Robe,
Crowns on Her head, and at Her feet the Globe:
Those splendid Honours grav'd around Thy Bust!—
Those too shall fade and moulder into dust;
But, spite of time, Thy Name shall ever live,
Thy Mind's fair Image ever shall survive,
In *British* hearts Thy Monument be shown,
And Gratitude supply the faithless Stone.

Cha. Powlet, Trin. Coll.

P I E T A S.

FUNDIT inornatas elegeia nostra querelas:
 Ah! nimis ex vero qui dolet, arte caret.
 Nostris nec mirum est numeris obstare dolorem;
 Namque movent ipsas funera tanta Deas.
Pindi delicias Musarum quaeque relinquit,
 Atque petit tumulum flens, CAROLINA, Tuum.
 Illic moesta Cohors sedet, aeternumque sedebit;
 Sustinet & madidas vix manus aegra genas.
 Carmina nulla canunt; non tali munere donant:
 Ultima tristitiae dant monumenta Tibi.
 Barbiton & plectrum frangunt, tumuloque recondunt;
 Et tacitas citharas, & sine voce lyram.
 Sic *Venus* ereptum tristis ploravit *Adonin*;
 Arcumque, & pharetram, telaque fregit *Amor*.
 Heu! merito, Divae, tumulum decoratis honore:
 Haec dona, has lachrymas barbara Fata jubent.
 Illa etenim cecidit, Quâ fospite, gloria vobis
 Egregia accessit; Quâ pereunte, perit.
 Languida dum jacuit, *Libitinae* auctura triumphos;
 Dumque febris medicas abdita lufit opes,
 Lassamus precibus Divos, lachrymasque ciemus;
 Nil nostrae lachrymae, nil valere preces.
 Huicce pepercissent, scirent si parcere Fata:
 Fata eheu! Virtus flectere nulla valet.
 GEORGIUS ipse cadet: Dî, multos duret in annos!
Atropos ah! serò Regia fila fecet.
 Ille graves iterans gemitus suspirat ademptam
 Uxorem, sociam, deliciasque suas.
 Qui prius hostili spumantes sanguine campos,
 Iratasque undas, monstraque dira maris
 Vidit, & immotus vidit, non viribus aequis
 Moerorem, ereptâ Coniuge, ferre valet.
 Parce Tuis lachrymis, gemebundis parce querelis:
 Hoc *Britones* poscunt; hoc CAROLINA petit.
 Ne charos laedas manes: ne Conjugis umbram
 Fletibus affligas sollicitisque Tuis.
 Qualis erat, dum vita fuit, fac immemor ut sis:
 Immemor heu! charae Conjugis esse nequis.
 Sedibus *Elysiis* quales agit Illa triumphos
 Sis memor; & memori molle levamen erit.

Johannes Courtail, A. B. Auf. Clar. Soc.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUIS pudor desiderio, modusve
Fata tam chari Capitis dolenti?
Mitte singultus: age, luctuosum
Corripe plectrum.

Occidis, regni CAROLINA confors;
Nil pia profunt lacrymae Tuorum,
Spiculum Fati grave nec Machaon
Amovet arte.

Ah! nimis parcâ satiata luce!
Ergo Te praepes numero Beatorum
Addidit mors? debueras adire
Seriùs astra.

Te gemiscente, *Angliaci* gemebant;
Supplices multâ prece Te sequuntur:
"O! diu interfis, populoque ponas
Jura volenti.

Surdior ventis fecat atra fila
Atropos: Gentis decus, alma Mater,
Occidis, nil non rapientis ad se
Victima Fati.

Nuper hortorum studiosa, Regis
Lauream nectens capiti coronam,
Heu! neci occumbis; sequiturque raptam
Sola cupressus.

At breves Te delicias *Britannum*
Naeniis *Phoebi* chorus usque flebit,
Cinget et semper tumulum virescens
Laurea sacrum.

Audies docta, et pietate clara;
Audies: et Principibus futuris
Nobile exemplar dederis, ELIZAE
Æmula & ANNAE.

Abr. Blackborne; Pet. Coll. A. B.

P I E T A S.

IN Fable's pleasing drefs has *Spenser* shown,
 How once ELIZA grac'd the *British* Throne;
 And godlike *Prior*'s bolder lays declare,
 A Woman-Chief was master of the war,
 And *Europe* fav'd by ANNA'S arms and pray'r.
 But CAROLINA'S Virtues higher soar,
 Where never Bard his pinions try'd before;
 Her worth who paints must nobler flights pursue,
 Than e'er the *Mantuan* Swan, or *Theban* knew.
 What words, what numbers shall the Poet chuse?
 To the high theme where find an equal Muse?
 Who for Religion can describe Her care
 In scorning Crowns, She knew so well to wear?
 In WILLIAM'S bloom how Her bright Soul appears,
 And shines mature in FRED'RIC'S riper years?
 Yet while Thy Virtues mock the Muse's art,
 Still may she breath the anguish of her heart;
 Still let her, gracious Saint, her loss bemoan,
 And speak her grief for GEORGE'S widow'd Throne.
 While *Congreve* weeps at MARY'S hallow'd shrine,
 Falls no devoted tear to CAROLINE?

"Forbid it, righteous Heav'n!—fair Learning said,
 "(And from her bosom rais'd her drooping head)
 "Hither, ye Bards, who boast the pow'rs of verse,
 "And with a duteous tear bedew Her hearse,
 "Who bounteous o'er the Learn'd Her favours spread,
 "The living cherish'd, and rever'd the dead.
 "Ev'n now, if Spirits blest a moment spare
 "To make the actions of Mankind their care,
 "To Learning's Sons Her smiles She still extends,
 "And what on Earth She lov'd, in Heav'n defends.
 "Go on, my Sons, and prosper in that road
 "Which urg'd by Her you with success have trod;
 "Let your free minds purg'd from this earthly clay
 "Range through the Orbs, where *Newton* leads the way:
 "Follow, where *Clarke*'s distinguish'd genius shone,
 "And to blind Mortals made the Godhead known:
 "Firm in this hope your too fond grief restrain,
 "Nor think the Saint less pow'rful than the Queen.

W. Lister of Trinity Hall.

R.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad REGEM.

ANGLIACAE CUSTOS Gentis, Quo sospite nunquam
Funditus occidimus, penitusve *Britannia* visa est
Aversos habuisse Deos, quanquam obruit ingens
Has clades Terras, luctuque immerfit acerbo;
Tuque, Anima illustris, *Britonum* dum fata finebant,
Imperii Fortuna, fave; & si forte querelas
Sollicitas Musae vacat exaudire, labores
Si dulce est spectare pios, hos spargere flores,
Funereâque finas tumulum velare cupresso.

Spes hominum incertae, & nulli exaudita Deorum
Vota, precesque piae! jamjam mitescere saevi
Ignorant Manes, si vis maturior ausa est
Tam sacrum violare Caput, nec plurima texit
Labentem pietas, nec diri corda Tyranni
Leniit in longos solvenda *Britannia* luctus.
Heu! frustra serum moriturae optavimus aevum,
Virtutisque pares studiosi vovimus annos:
Quàm penè immemores aliquid mortale fuisse
Terrenumve Tui, Fatoque augere superbos
Exuviis Animae talis licuisse triumphos!

Te fibi Canities aegrae solatia vitae
Pollicita & requiem placidam, vix sensit in annos
Delapsa extremos; felix, si immitior esset
Parca, nec in tantos servassent Fata dolores.

Seros in coelum reditus florentior aetas
Optavit, CAROLINA, Tibi; ne dulce periret
Exemplar morum, magnâque orbata Magistrâ
Nusquam aliàs rectè vivendi disceret artem.

Te quoque, Qualis eras, lucem voluisse morari
Credibile est, fatoque etiam doluisse propinquo:
Non quia lethalem pectus muliebriter ictum
Expavit, timuitve insons ad limina Divûm
Ire Anima, & magnis Regum miscerier umbris;
Infelix Patriae subiit trepidantis Imago,
Multa gemens; *Britonum*que Tuus jam morte sub ipsâ
Strinxit amor, luctuque animum concussit honesto:
Dilecti nequii lachrymas CAROLINA Mariti,
Singultus nec ferre graves, Quem *Gallia* nunquam

Infraclum

P I E T A S.

Infraſtum vidit, cum, fuſâ ſtrage, cruore
Immaduere tui multo, *Oudenardia*, campi.

At nunc pro Patriâ ſaevos, PATER optime, luctus
Diſcutias, reddasque afflictae lumina Genti.
En! Soboles, quam Sponſa dedit tibi Regia, CAESAR,
Illuſtres Animae! quales non candidiores
Terra tulit: —noſco virtutem animosque Parentis
Egregios; his non mentitis picta tabellis
Vivit adhuc CAROLINA, & plenâ luce refulget.

Gul. Aſhby A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

S A E P E *Jovi* inviſas poſuerunt Regibus aras
Plebs levis, & Vivos inferuere polo.
Mortalem querimur Te, Princeps, atque dolorem
Prodit in exequiis non ſimulandus amor.
Magnates cum plebe gemunt, uberrima luctu
Sed Tua proſequitur funera docta cohors:
Nocturnâ quorum affiduè verſare ſolebas
Scripta manu, quorum colloquioque frui;
Marmoreosque inter Regum ſimulacra locaſti;
Dignata & Proavis affiliare tuis.
Horum alicui poſthac fuerit Tua gloria curae,
Qui ponet vivâ nomen in hiſtoria.
Attinget noſtros ſerò ediscenda Nepotès —
Quae CAROLINA fuit Filia, Nupta, Parens.
Proli ſive Parens, ſeu mavis Publica dici,
Lis maneat, quo tu major in officio.
Te Duce, quos mores Noſtri excoluere, quot artes;
Audiant *Anglorum* poſtera progenies:
Audiant, atque ſibi dona haec integra relinqui
Gaudeat, & ſemper ſentiat eſſe Tua.
Nec fileat, quàm chara fuit Tua vita *Britannis*,
Et deſiderium quale perempta dabas.

Georg. Jennings C. C. C. Commenf.
J. Jennings Equitis Aurati Filius.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUAE facies *Britonum* tristis! cur Martia luctu
Corda tument? Tuque, O Princeps! cui cura Tuorum
Semper erat lacrymas, semper lenire labores;
Tunc etiam attonitus moeres, Hominemque fateris
Tristitiâ? — Mandat fieri sibi talia, mandat
Virtuti CAROLINA suae: Tu, Musa, perennes
Solve recens lacrymas; nimia est tibi causa doloris,
Otia cui dudum, cui dudum gaudia: laetos
Mitte sonos; piget, heu! festivo ludere versu,
Nec lyra jam molli lascivit blandula cantu.

At liceat memorare (opus haud inamabile) quantis
Ornavit CAROLINA tuas virtutibus oras,
Anglia, quanta Parens artis! quam prole beata
Egregiâ, fimilique Sui! Sors aspera *Romae*
Marcellum invidit, meliori ast auspice natus
Spes extat nobis FREDERICUS, & ardua securi
Molitur ventura, viamque affectat Olympo.

Quam Musae abreptam nunc lugent! Illa Sorores
Fovit, & indigenas jussit florescere laurus:
Florescunt & adhuc, sunt &, quae Pana canendo
Exsuperant, Musae *Britonum*; nec mollius aera
Deducunt alii spirantia; marmora vivos
(Te faultrice artis) *Phidias* simulantia vultus
Miretur, — bene Doctorum simulantia vultus,
Quêis olim risit Dea blanda Scientia, dextram
Quêis porrexit, in alta trahens; Tu proxima faultrix
Illis aeternum jussisti vivere nomen.

Scilicet haec tua cura, Tuus dum CAESAR in oris
Majus opus movet *Angliacis*; sin altera poscant
Regna Ducem, Sceptra interea non impare dextrâ
Gessisti, absentem ut vix fleverit *Anglia* Regem.
Sistite *Pierides*, vestrae nihil indigus artis
Surgit honos CAROLINAE, & vivet fama superstes.

Oliver Marton Aul. Trin.

P I E T A S.

Q UO vita tandem pendeat mortaliū
Filo? Quid atram distinet Fati diem?
Si quid valeret summa vitae puritas,
Virtusque quicquam posset inclytissima;
Et astra tardiore petiisses gradu,
Nec jam Tuorum, CAROLINA, *Brittonum*
Tanta aegritudo perculisset pectora.

Nil ergo Fata, ne ipsa possit flectere
Virtus; quid autem possit, ex Te novimus:
Quae sceptrā pariter & tenere & spernere,
Vitaeque dubiam ferre sortem noveris
Constanter, intrepidēque morti occurrere.

Ad GEORGIUM nunc Musa spectat, unicē
Spem *Brittonum* decusque & instar omnium
Tutamen: Illo sospite exulat dolor,
(Quod pace dicam CAROLINAE manium)
Luctus & inter gaudium statim emicat.
Maeste ergo sis virtute, Princeps Optime,
Nube hāc repulsā emerge rursus splendidus,
Horrere mortem qui hostium conspexeris
Armis, & ausus obviam ire interritus;
Rectis & oculis turbidum mare videris,
Audax carinam turbini committere;
Fortissimum quin pectus, oro, concute
Insignis olim gloriae non immemor,
Neu pristinam languere virtutem finas,
Tandemque devictam dolori cedere.

C. Moss, A. M.

Coll. Gon. & Caii. Soc.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ERG O inferorum victima Numinum
Invisis umbras, regnaque tristia!
Doctrina nec tardavit alas,
Nec Pietas, CAROLINA, Fati.

Quid tanta famae pignora? quid torus
Juvit GEORGI? stemmate quid domus
Deducta longo? sentiebas
An faciles magis hinc Sorores?

Frustra ordinâras undique nobiles
Libros coëmptos, & *Sophiae* domum;
Hoc fonte derivata *Ditis*
Invida mors patefecit aulam.

Cedis relictâ quam *Thamesis* lavit
Cellâ, nec inter frontium imagines
Versare doctarum, sed ipsos
Colloquio propiore manes.

Jam nube pulsâ, quae tenebras prius
Fudit tuenti, clariùs aspicias
Numen, quod angustos dierum
Non patitur spatiique fines.

Apparet antehac lubrica conspici
Aeternitas, quaeque eruit in diem
Verique Naturaeque legum
Judice te peracutus Autor.

At O! *Britannis* quid sapientia
Sepulta prodest? quidve sub inferis
Celata virtus? nos querelae,
Nos manet heu! facies dolorum.

Flemus loquentes, Conjugis ut vice
Fungens tumultus contuderis graves,
Insigne doctrinae ministrans
Subsidium, columenque Musae.

Satis

P I E T A S.

Satis Tibi aevi, sat quoque gloriae
Datum est; *Britanno* sed populo parum;
Si *Nestora* aequâsses, fuisset
Flenda Tuae brevis fœnectae.

At si creantur fortibus & bonis
Fortes, renatae funeris ignibus
Phœnicis instar, Te merendo
Mox referet Soboles Parentem.

Edw. Sparkes,
Coll. Regal Alum.

NON juvat ulterius Regum connubia Mufas
Pingere festivo versu:—nova mœstaque rerum
Exoritur facies: funebrem ducere pompam
Jam *Libitina* parat, quâ nuper lampada laetus
Accendebat *Hymen*: — crudeli funere mersa
Heu! *CAROLINA* jacet.—Tu plange, *Britannia*, casum
Infandum, aeternumque fove sub pectore vulnus.
Occidit heu! Regina, tuum Quae numine fausto
Imperium coluit; populi Quae blanda tumultus
Sedavit, longâque dedit florêscere pace.

Te lugent artes celebrent, *CAROLINA*, Patronam,
Mufarumque chorus: Te laurea plorat ademptam
Prona caput, taxoque suum decus invidet, ornat
Quae tumulum foliis, & sacrum limen obumbrat.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Te Tua Relligio nigranti squallida veste,
Atque immota sedens templis, miserabile moeret:
Te queritur citiùs repetisse palatia Coeli,
Dum furit Impietas, & nulli obnoxia legi
Contemptrix agitat Divùm Vefania gentes.
Te Matrona ducem plorat rectique magistram,
Dum Tibi se similem format; vitaeque colores
Excerptit fumitque Tuæ; dum sedula natae
Te pingit tenerae, superas quâ tendis ad arces
Ostendit callem, & vestigia triftis adorat.

At Tu, Sancta Parens, quae nunc super astra Deorum
Accipere aggredieris vitam, (si cura beatas
Ulla movet nostri sedes) miserere Tuorum:
Regna tuere; vetus splendescat gratia Legum,
Intemerata vicens & maiestate verenda.
Nequicquam fraudes *Galli* meditentur; ad arma
Nequicquam ruat *Hispanus*; non frigida bello
Corda sciat *Britonum*, laudisve oblita prioris.

Concussum luctu crudeliter aspice Regem,
Dilectum quondam, *Carolus* cum divite scepro
Sollicitare fidem potuit, thalamumque petivit:
Soleris viduum, Qui Te juvenilibus annis
Elegit sociam, Te speravitque senectae
Solamen miserae; casus comiteris in omnes,
Seu pacem seu bella gerat; Tu porrige vitam
Immunem curis; hoc saltem poscimus acris
Lenimen questus; hoc solo munere Fatum
Crimine solvemus: solitam Gens Regia Matrem
Experiatur adhuc; Tu Nato finge futuri
Grande rudimentum Regni; multique Nepotes
Assurgant, CAROLINA, Tuo diademate digni,
BRUNSVIACUMQUE ferant factis ad sidera nomen.

Aegidius Templeman A. B.
Coll. Trin.

P I E T A S.

DUM fida ponit laetitiae vices,
 Novoque luctu deperit *Anglia*;
 Dumque ipsa Majestas per orbem
 Moestitiam lacrymosa facrat;
 Quae Musa cordi sedula concinet
 Solamen aegro? pectoris aut pios
 Sedare quis novit tumultus,
 Quis lacrymas prohibere Vates?
 Si quem faventi numine videris,
 O magna *Phoebo* Diva potentior;
 Si coelitus Tu sis benigna
 Sollicito, CAROLINA, Vati,
 Haec recreabit Musa GEORGIUM —
 Huic blandienti cedit et impotens
 Luctus triumphos; gratiores
 Spesque vices rediviva fumet.
 Haec Te, potenti carminis alite,
 Canet beatissimis sedibus Hospitam,
 Quam turba sublatam Deorum
 Ad proprium comitatur astrum.
 Haec Te bonorum concilio canet
 Cinctam frequenti, quos pia scripserit
 Fides et incorrupta Virtus
 Ordinibus placidis Deorum.
 Mentem recenti lumine vividam
 Haec pinget ardens — quàm ruit undique!
 Quàm fertur exultans vigore
 Assiduo per aperta rerum!
 Sic, Conditoris Spiritus efficax
 Informe quando personuit Chaos,
 Pulchrumque confusas in orbem
 Particulas properare jussit,
 Lux prima forti profilit impetu,
 Novoque regno prodiga gestiens,
 Diffusa nascentes per orbés
 Corripitur, fruiturque Mundo.

Stebbing Aul. Cath. Alum.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ITE sepulchrales circum mea tempora vittae,
Cingite cupressu pallidior caput:

Deflenda est CAROLINA; piaec jam dicite Musae,
Quanta salus vestrūm, gloria quanta cadit.

Quid tamen hīc elegi profint? quae naenia tanto,
Pulsset ebur *Phoebus*, digna dolore sonet?

Regis amor viduus, Populique dolentia corda,
Condecorant dono splendidior rogum.

Si jam debentur, quae perfectissima, morti,
Funere maturo Tu, CAROLINA, peris;

Sed prohibent si vota hominum simul addita Parcas,
Fila parum iustae dissecuere Tua.

O quam Te memorem! *Britonum* seu sceptrā capeffis,
Sic *Juno* absenti dirigit astra *Jove*:

Sive erras tacitā studiis intenta sub umbrā,
Sic artes *Pallas*, sic sua pensa colit.

Singula quaeque novas dotes dum protulit hora,
Spes & mille novas infidiosa dedit;

Occidis heu! Quae nunc opera interrupta relinquis!
Copia virtutum quanta futura ruit!

Publica Te flevēre Salus, Geniusque *Britannūm*,
Nec fatis est Regem jam superesse suum:

Te Pietas, Charitumque chorus Te luget ademptam,
Nec fat habent Prolem jam numerare Tuam.

Nunc primūm indoluit, cūm Tu non passa dolorem,
Anglia, cūm auxilio GEORGIUS esse nequit.

J. Pemberton, A. B.

Coll. Eman.

P I E T A S.

IF Saints enshrin'd with retrospection glow
Of the great Duty well perform'd below,
Sure the just tribute of esteem and love
Is gratefull to the conscious Shade above.

Turn then, blest CAROLINE, thy raptur'd eyes;
See in our grief, how high thy praises rise:
See thy lov'd King with pious tears o'erflow,
In virtue ever first, now first in woe!
Oft as Thy form before his eyes appears
Dumb melancholy melts in falling tears;
He counts each Virtue that inform'd Thy Mind,
There food for praise and grief can fancy find;
Reluctant now he bends beneath the Crown,
There Thistles spring, — The Rose, alas, is gone.

How shall I trace Thee, thro' Thy arduous ways,
How reach the various topicks of Thy praise!
The mournfull Muse scarce lifts her drooping head;
The Muse herself may die, since CAROLINE is dead.
He only who (as Pattern to Mankind)
Bade each fair Virtue join to frame Thy Mind,
Who bade strong sense with female sweetness shine,
Who breath'd the God on all, and made the whole Divine,
Could lift my Soul to praise Thee, who hast giv'n
A living monument of praise to Heav'n.
The Sov'reign and the Peasant hence may draw
For Rule his Maxim, Social life his Law:
A System in Thy progress and Thy end,
As Christian, Queen, as Mother, Wife, and Friend.

So, when the beaming Sun's refracted ray
Forms the bright bow, and variegates the day,
Conful'dly regular, the blended hue
In Crimson glows, or languishes in Blue,
This melts in shade, that ripens into light,
Yet each serenely shines, all beautifully bright.

J. Moleworth Trin. Hall.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ABSINT sepulchro marmora tristibus
Incisa signis: nec querimonia
Inceſtet urnam CAROLINAE
Auſa pios violare manes.

Mortale quicquid, Parca jubet mori;
Secura Leti pars melior viam
Affectat aſtris, & relictam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Soluta vinclo corporis emicat,
Fatigue Virtus littora trajicit,
Fixoque vultu ſtat, ſeveram
Si quatiat *Rhadamanthus* urnam.

Hâc arte Conjux inclyta GEORGII
Innixa ſedes attigit igneas,
Quâ nulla noſtrûm cura tangit
Pectora, nec peritura regna.

Virtute vitae gratior it diēs,
Terrorque mortis lenior incubat:
Haec Gratiarum, quas colebat,
Sola brevem Dominam ſequetur;

Quae multùm amati Conjugis oſcula
Suprema libans, non muliebriter
Expavit ictum jam propinqui,
Vulnera jam meditantis Orci.

Non neſciebat, quae ſibi Coelitum
Cohors pararet gaudia, leniter
AMELIAE objurgans querelas
Sollicitae, populique vota.

Terras reliquit tam placidè, urbium
Quàm ſi recedens a ſtrepitu, ſuos
Richmondiae viſiſſet hortos,
Vinſoriaeve petiſſet arces.

J. Barnes A. B.
Coll. Regal. Socius.

P I E T A S.

A L M A, nam quondam, duce Te, *Thalia*,
Thracius Vates *Stygios* furores
Leniit, Nymphamque nimis severâ

Morte redemit,

Ociùs Fati prece blandienti
Summove instantis rabiem, piosque
Dic modos, *Clotho* quibus obstinatas

Applicet aures:

Quae *Britannorum* placidis iniqua
Gaudiis, vitae properante dextrâ
Fila deducit, volucrisque Fati

Concitât alas.

“ Parce Reginae, Dea, parce, dixi :

“ Auferat saevos cita mors Tyrannos ;

“ Protegat justos Pietas, nigroque

“ Eximat Orco.

“ Sin caput nullum Dea torva *Lethes*

“ Effugit, *Sponsae* pia fraus *Pudicae*

“ Proroget Mundi mala, destinatam

“ Proroget horam :

“ Fila nocturnis revocata curis

“ Pensa diffingant ; potes hâc amicâ,

“ Splendidè mendax, potes hâc sorores

“ Fallere fraude.

Illa, nequaquam miserata gentem,
Respuit vota, et *Britonum* columnam,

Dulce solamen, citò pervicaci

Concutit ictu ;

Ingemit Tellus ; simul ingruentis

Sentit heu ! motus CAROLINA Fati,

Et recens unâ malè preparatum

Albion horror

Occupat. Fati scelus expiare

Quis potest ? gentis nisi Tu dolores

Supprimas, fausto benè nunc, ut olim,

Alite, GEORGI.

Hen. Reade, Coll. Regin. Alum.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

LA TE *Britain* smil'd, when with thrice-bounteous hand
Heav'n showr'd it's blessings o'er the happy Land ;
And gave, indulgent to a Nation's pray'r,
A GEORGE with CAROLINA's guardian care.
Here They beneath the olive shade design'd
The peace and happiness of human kind.
Chang'd now, alas! *Britannia* views the scene,
And mourns th'expiring Parent in the Queen.

The brightest Star, that e'er propitious shone
With genial splendor on the *British* Throne,
Extinguish'd darts no more the chearful ray,
That gave new lustre to the rising day.
Blest with its presence, ev'ry gloomy care
More lightly fat, or learnt to disappear ;
Vice languish'd at Her sight, pale Envy fled,
And restless Faction veil'd her guilty head :
With purer joys each gen'rous soul was fir'd,
And learnt that virtue which the world admir'd.

But transient is the bliss that mortals boast,
Late they receive, or soon they mourn it lost.
That Heav'n-born Soul, which crown'd fair *Albion's* peace,
Is now recall'd to its congenial place.

Snatch'd from the world see CAROLINA rise,
While kindred Angels hail Her to the skies ;
Her soul aspires wing'd with a Seraph's flame,
And gains the blissful seats from whence it came.

Yet still *Britannia* mourns, all eyes o'erflow
With floods of tears, and sympathize in woe.
Indulge thy grief, cease, cease each joyful song,
Let heaving sighs successive roll along :
Tell it thy seas, let rocks thy loss deplore,
And plaintive murmur on the vocal shore ;
Let sorrow reign —— But thro' the cloud appears
Thy guardian Genius, "Stay the gushing tears,"
It cries, "those CAROLINA bids you spare,
"Remember still you prove great GEORGE's care ;
"The Virtues die not, which inspir'd Her breast,
"But glow refulgent on the Throne confest ;
"And long as BRUNSWIC's heav'nly Race shall shine,
"Will guard the Kingdom, as they grace His line.

T. Mauleverer, Magd. Coll.

P I E T A S.

Si Pietas, si prisca Fides, et nescia fuci
 Relligio duri valuissent flectere Fati
 Imperium, non ora rigans manantia largo
 Fluminè lugubres nunc ederet *Anglia* planctus,
 Te, CAROLINA, querens crudeli funere raptam.
 Nunc pia flebilibus properat componere verbis
 Quaeque Camaena modos, et inani munere fungens
 Ferales hederis instat miscere cupressos.
 Te, Regina, canit numerofo carmine Vates
 Fortiter *Austriacas* aufam contemnere taedas,
 Egregiè Scepbris, et Majestate carentem :
 Te canit Imperii moderantem fraena *Britanni*,
 Cùm Conjux latè longinqua per aequora vectus
 Redderet *Europae* compòsto foedere pacem.
 Improba Mors, uno viduas quae vulnere gentes
 Fecisti ternas ! at non te, credo, minantem
 Expavit CAROLINA, tuos nec degener ictus
 Horruit exspirans, vultu sed laeta sereno
 Excedens, sese plaudentibus intulit astris.
 At Tibi, Qui vacuum ploras, Rex maxime, lectum,
 Sint O ! sint quaedam diri solatia luctûs,
 Nec Te tantus edat totum dolor ; *Anglia* poscens
 Hoc precibus renuit Tibi, què caput ipsa, dolorem.
 Respice Progeniem : en ! ut Matris amabile fulgur
 Scintillans oculis jaculetur AMELIA : mentem
 Confiliis gerit instructam, Sceptribusque pacem
Auriaco juncta ANNA Duci : nec nomine tantum
 Sed virtute refert magnam CAROLINA Parentem.
 Haec tecum recolàs, haec pectore saepe volutans
 Laetere, et superesse putes in Prole Parentem.

Rob: Colebrooke, Aul. Trin:

Socio-Commenfalis.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

REGUM tremendas atra Neceffitas
Invasit arces? nil opulentia
Contra valebat; supplicis nil
Vox populi, querulique planctus.

Mortalibus contra rigidam Deam
Nefas reniti: vult rapere incolas
Ex Regiâ infignes, & ima
Tecta petet, referetque praedam.

Quo fata ducunt, moestum iter & patens,
Sive aula nutrit, five humiles cafae,
Carpemus omnes Te infecuti
Non fimili, CAROLINA, pompâ.

Terrena tantum pars tumulo Tui
Condetur: obscuris nequit obrui
Virtus sepulchris; sed corusco
Lumine post obitum refulget.

Exfanguie tristes mors fera ad Inferos
Tulit cadaver: vix imitabilis
Terris moratur cum caducis
Gloria non peritura rebus.

Fidis manebit nam sapientia
Commiffa chartis, five domesticis
Seu publicis verfata rebus,
Quid facient monitura natos.

Prius catenas injicere improbas
Optabit *Anglis* Rex bonus & pius,
Invifa vel ferro *Britannus*
Vinc'la pati redigetur Heros,

Quàm GLORIANAE Nox radians decus
Premet tenebris. Gens meritis Deam
Donabit aris. Hanc & ortus
Sol celebret, celebret recedens.

Joh. Holbrook A. M.
Trin. Coll. Sec.

P I E T A S.

ΚΛΑΙΕΤΕ θρηνώδεσιν, ὅσοι γῆν ναίειε λύγρην;
 Ἄνδρες ἔπεσιν, ὑμεῖς δέ τε, Πάρθενοι ἱμερθέσσαι,
 Θυμὸν ἀκηχεμέναι, πλατῆγῆσαιε σῆθεα λευκά,
 ΑΓΓΛΙΓΕΝΩΝ κλέῳ ἠδὲ λῖπεν φάος Ἡελίοιο.

Κεῖται μὲν ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ· βαθείης τάρταρα γαίης
 Σμερδάλιον κοναδῆσαι, ἐπισηναχίζεο πόλιν,
 Καί, νέφεα βεῖθοινα, καὶ ὄμβριαν εἶδεε τόσαν,
 Ὡς ἄρα μὲν Θάμεσιν πληθ' ὑδαῖο ὑψόθ' αἰεῖεν,
 Καὶ περκυλινδεῖσθαι πῆμ' ἀλλοδαποῖσι βροχίῃσι,
 Λύγρῳ ἀγγελίην διὰ κύματα μορμύροντα.

ὦ μοι, ὅτ' ὠκύμορσι κρατεροί τ' ἐσθλοί τε πέλον'·
 Πᾶσι κατέσκηκεν θανάτος, πάντας τε κραλήσει
 Χάλκεος, πανδαμάτωρ, ὃν τ' εἰ καμπιόισι τίμη
 Ἡ, τε βίη, κάλλος τ', ἀρετή τε σιδήρεον ἦτορ,
 Ζηνὸς ἄρ' ἡμέτερου ὁμοδέμνιος εἰσέτ' ἔσοιο,
 Εἰσέτι γ' εὐφραίνοις, ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝ', εὐδαίμονα κόσμον.

Ἐχετο νῦν φωνή, ἣ μελιχίῃ μὲν ἀπότμοις
 Πρόσθεν ἔην — πάλαι ἠδὲ ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ, ἀχθόμενος κῆρ,
 Ῥέξας δημόσι' ἔργα, φίλης ἐς δῶμ' Ἀλόχοιο
 Ἦεν, ἐκποθέων ἀβρότητά τε καὶ φρέν' ἐταίραν·
 Νῦν μὲν ἀναρπαθεῖσαν ὀδύρῃ, νόσφι λιάσθεις,
 Ἀλλὰ μάτῳ — Ἡ γὰρ νῦν, οὐ τετὴν ἀσπράδ' ἐφίχται·
 Ἡ δὲ δαμῆισα νόσῳ, ἐν ἀήδει ὅτ' ἐσρέφει εὐνή,
 Καὶ μὲν ὀδυρσμηδύς ἴδεν, οἱ μέλεισαν, ἀπάνιας,
 Δάκρυον εἶσε σιγῇ, κακὰ δ' ἔχ' ὅτι πάχεν Ἐκείνη,
 Ἀλλ' ὅτ' ὀδυρήσεις, δίδοι δὲ ἄλλοισι μερίμνας.

Πᾶν καλὸν, ἠδ' ἀγαθὸν μετὰ τῆς συγκάτθανε· πάντα
 Ὡφέλιμ' ἔρρεξεν πᾶσιν, κεχαρισμῆρα πλείστοις·

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Τῆς ῥα βοηθῆσης, Μῆσαι βαθύκρημον ἔλεψαν
 Παρνάσῳ κορυφῇ, ὧκουν τε Βρεταννίδα Γαίην·
 Καὶ ὃ μὲν Εἰρήνη χρυσόπτερος ἐνθάδε μέναι
 Ἦδετο, τερπόμενοι ὃ χαρᾷ κεκορήατο Λαοί·
 Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἡμιθνήτα, ΓΕΩΡΓΙΕ, λαὸν ἄγειρε
 Σὴν Μέτοχον ποθέοντα· ὃ ἐκπεπληγμένον ἄλγος
 Ἔμμενε διπλασίη μελετῇ Σὺ μᾶνος ἀτάλλων.

Gulielmus de Grey Aul. Trin. Alumn.

DUM Tuae laudis studiosa dignos
 Fama molitur, CAROLINA, honores,
 Sume vectigal madidi, supremum
 Munus, ocelli.
 Flent novem, jam muta cohors, Camoenae
 Artium Cultricem, *Heliconis* errat
 Lacrymis auctus querulo per herbam
 Murmure rivus.
 Ipse Te *Phoebus*, positâ coronâ
 Laureâ, fletu sequitur ; cupressus
 Funebres luctus comitata circum
 Tempora serpit.
 Te suum poscit *Libitina* quaeustum,
 Nec moram fato Pietas Fidesque
 Afferunt, nec, cura Tui suprema,
 Vota *Britannum*.
 Impii moestis sequimur querelis
 Nota Quam coelo Pietas, Pudorque
 Aureus deducit in astra, nigroque
 Eximit orco.
 Ne Tui tandem cineres futura
 Aeris exoptent monumenta, quasque
 Publicis incisa notis loquantur
 Marmora laudes :
 Vivat at longum, precor, ipsa Proles !
 Quae Tuos mores imitata famam
 Proroget per saec'la, Tuique vera
 Spiret Imago.

M. Barton, Coll. Regal.

P I E T A S.

INNUMERIS quamquam Mors imperiosa superbit
Exuviis passim, voto neque flexilis ulli
Communem rapuit crudeli funere Matrem;
Cum tamen ulterius nihili, nisi corporis hujus,
Jus habet, imbellis dominari, fronte Tyrannus;
(Spiritus interea volat immortalis, & ultro
Aethereas hospes quaerit vix advena sedes)
Importune procul fugias dolor, ite timores:
Nullum in morte nefas, virtuti innoxia verae
Irrita tela cadunt, victoria cassâ sepulchri:
Quare agite, ingentes tandem deponere curas
Discamus, patriisque resecti fidere rebus;
Sufficit Imperii solus stabilire columnam
GEORGIUS, exultat circum Quem plurima Proles,
Deliciae populi, gentis tutela, decusque —

Haec famae immunis, tacitas inglorius artes
Exercens cecini; veniam, Rex optime, Vati
Annue, non apto gemitu sociare dolorem,
Non lacrymis (quid enim lacrymae, gemitusque valebunt!)
Sed prope confectum curis, luctuque jacentem
Erigere, & stillare aegro solatia cordi;
Ut tandem incipiat, si quid pia carmina possunt,
Stare genis gutta, & requiescere mobile pectus;
Ut nova spes menti, redeantque in pristina vires,
Audeat & sperare iterum gens fessa salutem.

Sic mediis quondam *Noë* jactatus in undis,
Multa super cladem lacrymans, cum lumina frustra
Tendebat, si forte alibi, si forte videret
Exstantem *Rhodopem*, aut surgentem è fluctibus *Haemum*,
Non prius aut alis aut robore nota columba
Circuit irrequieta orbem, & felicitis olivae
Discerpens ramum Domino officiosa ferebat;
Accepit placidè Vates, magno omine laetus,
Primitias terrae, & redivivi pignora mundi.

E. J. Ward. A. M.

Trin. Coll. Soc.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Si mixti fumus usque Tuis, Rex optime, laetis,
Jam luctus liceat participare Tuos.
Atra profecto dies, et foeta dolore Tuorum
Ingenti! Huic soli laeta, petita micat.
Proh virtus! quam regiferae neque pompa coronae,
Quam non magnifici quicquid in orbe fuit,
Molliit illecebris, ut vitae longius uno
Memento vellet tendere fila suae!
Scilicet explorata fati fuit unica vitae
Semitae, quam firmo perstitit usque pede.
Fortiter hinc olim placido diademata sprevit
Lumine, corruptam concomitata fide.
Hinc Tua, cum major facies assurgat honorum,
Gloria fordescit, deliciaeque jacent.
Ast oh! quid memorem quae Tu praesentia noras
Intimus, at luctu victus abesse gemis?
Tu melius referas quanto graviora vigore
Imperii potuit participare Tui;
Sedula quo vitae studio privata subivit
Munera, quam coluit Te pietate, fide.
Haec volvens, moestumque genus, gentemque lugubrem,
Et dantem averfis irrita vota Deis,
Cedis naturae; neque Te Tua vivida virtus
Sustinet; his telis pectus inerme geris.
Sic dum Sol medius dominatur in aethere puro,
Et placidum condunt nubila nulla diem;
Euro oriente statim stridentibus aura procellis
Personat, & densis volvitur in tenebris.
Lurida fit rerum facies, nebulisque coactis
Ipse Deus lucis victus in imbre latet.
At Tu, Quae super humanos evecta triumphas
Affectus, animo liberiore potens,
Parce importunis, victrix CAROLINA, querelis,
Et lacrymas nostri pignus amoris habe:
Quae tamen usque fluent aeterno ex vulnere, nomen
Dum viget in fera posteritate Tuum.

Edm. Keene, A. M.
Coll. Gonv. & Caii.

P I E T A S.

U^t *Nova Zembla* tuum lacrymis gemituque recessum,
Sol, plorat, noctem perpetuamque timet:

Haud aliter *Britonas* urget CAROLINA remota,
Totaque gens luget, quae modò laeta fuit.

Phoebe, tuum meritò numen *Zemblaëus* adorat,
Cui lucem, & vitae ferisque referisque Bona.

Et si quid profit populo pulcherrima virtus,
Non, *Phoebe*, incedet Te CAROLINA minor.

Sed fugit, ah! CAROLINA perit: quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrymis? non reditura perit.

Quo dolor errâsti? vetuerunt Fata perire,
Cujus virtutum fama perennis erit.

Hoc solamen erit miseris, Regina, relictis,
Te memorare bonam, Te memorare piam;

Sublatam ex oculis & Te dum quaerimus aegri,
Quòd terrae *Angliacae* non decus omne cadit;

Dulce decus nostrum superest Rex GEORGIUS, Ille
Nos amat, Oh! Populi fit Pater Ille diu.

Eyton Butts Aul. Cath. Alumni.

Rev. in Christo Patris *Roberti*

Episcopi *Norvicensis* Filius Natus Maximus.

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΟΝ.

ΧΕΙΜΑΤΟΣ ἥς ποκ' ἄκρον, χαίεις δὲ συνήλθ' Ἀμύνλα
 Βωκολέων Θύρσις τῷ ποιμῆρι μᾶλα νέμοντι,
 Ἀμφω λυποφθιμῶν τὴν κατωδύραϊ, Ἀμαρυλλί,
 Θύρσις δ' οἷος αἶδεν ἐπεὶ περιγίνετο μολπᾶ.

Αἰ αἰ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδ', ἀπώλετο θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλίς,
 Κάτθανε θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλίς ἀνέλπιστο ἢ αἶςτο·
 Οὐκέτι εἰ μὲν, Ἔρως, γλυκεραὶ τεαὶ εἰσιν αἰοδαί,
 Οὐκέτι εἴχ' ἔασεν τὰ σὰ παίγνια, τοίδε Γέλωτες,
 Ἀδέα καγχαλάειες ἀδύκεις ἔσε ἢ ὕμμες.
 Ὡχέτο γὰρ διὰ τὰν ἐγελῶμες, ἀπώχετο τήνα,
 Τὰν ἄρα τεθνακυῖαν ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτες.

Τίς τὴν Θεῶν βαρύνῃσις ἀνῆρπασε, θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλίς;
 Ἐπλεο τῷ Φοῖβῳ κεχαιρισμῶν ὧ ἐνὶ θυμῷ·
 Φοῖβος γὰρ τὴν ἔδωκε περιφραδέως τε πιφάυσκεν·
 Μῶσα τ' αὖ τὴν δίδαξεν ἀριτεύειν ἐπέεσσιν·
 Πάν ἴδεν, ὡς ἐνόησεν, ἐπῆρατον αἶψα κίχησε
 Πρωθάβαν περ ἔδσαν, ἀμήχαντο ὅς ἢ ἐτάκη·
 Οὐδ' αὐτὰ φιλέεσκε τόσον πάρετο Ἐνδυμίωνα
 Ἀρτεμις, ὅσον Ἐρῶτο ἀναφαίνεσκε, Μενάλκα,
 Τὴν, τάλαν, ὦ τάλαν, ὅκκα τόδ' ἐξοχὸν ὥπασε δῶρον.

Αἰ αἰ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδ', ἀπώλετο θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλίς.
 Ὡλέτο τὰν ἔσκειν Χάριες πάντ' ἄγλαα δοῖσαι
 Δαψιλέως, τίς ἄρ' ὀφθαλμὸς τοίαν ποκ' ὅπως
 Οὐ ποτιδερξόμηντο; νῦν δ' αἰ μὲν ἀφανίστο ἀπέσθη,
 Τοίαν καίπερ ἔδσαν ἀμείλιχτο οἶτο ἀπηῦρε,
 Βῆ δ', ἐπιβωσρδύντων ἀπέβη ἢ ἀνάκοος, ἐδ' εἰ
 Τᾶ κῆν παπλάινουσιν ἀλίγκιον ἐσιν ἐφεῦρεν.

P I E T A S.

Ἄ δὲ Δίκη δύσανος ὀδύρεται ἢ δ' ὀλολύσδει,
 Σταῖος ἐὼν πλατῆγεῦσα μελάγχλαινός τε φανοῖσα·
 Ἄ δ' Ἀρετά τυ ποθεῖ κλαυοῖσά τε μυρμηδύα τε,
 Καί τυ Ἀλάθεια σοναχεῦσα κινύρε), αἶ ᾗ
 Αἰδῶς Φοινικόεσσα, ἢ ὅττι καλόν τε σέβασόν τε
 Αἶλινά τυ σοναχεῦντι, ἢ ἀμειλίχην γοᾶντι.
 Πατεῖς δ' αἶ τὴ φίλασε, ἢ αἶ νῦν τὰς ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
 Κῆσαι κλαυομύρα, ἔ νήγρετον ὕπνον ἰαύεις,
 Ἄ τὴ περισφίγξασα πανύστα καί τυ φιλεῦσα,
 Αἶ αἶ, φατ', Ἀμαρυλλί, συνώλετό τοι τεὸν ἔδασ.
 Πατεῖς τυ γλίχε) γ' ἀπολυμνῆαν, ποθοῦσα
 Τὸν μὲν πρῶτον χρόνον, τὸν δ' αὖ μετόπισθ' ἐπιδοῖσα
 Οἰμώσδει ὀλοφυδνόν, ἔχουσ' ὑποκάρδιον ἄλγος.
 Ὡ μοι ἐγὼν, Ἀμαρυλλίς ἀναύδατός μοι ἀπέσβη,
 Ὡλεσα τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδ', ἐπ' ἀθανάτας δ' ἐπῆνθε,
 Κῆ γὰρ δύσμορος ἐν τᾷ γὰρ θνατὴν μιν ὀλέσθαι.

Πᾶς ἢ πᾶσά τυ δακρυχέων καλεῖ, ὦ τριπόθατε,
 (Μάταν, ἐκέτ' ἔπει γ' ἀψορρον τόδ' ἰκέσθαι)
 Τὴν γὰρ ζῆν, τὴν τ' εὐπραγέειν, τὴν μὲν ποθέων τε
 Κῆποθανεῖν, μάλα πρῶτον χρόνον τεὰ πάντ' ὀνομάσδων.
 Νῦν δὲ τάλαις κύμηνε πολυκλαύσοις μερίμναις,
 Αἰνοπαθὴς τ' ἰούζει, ἀπώλετο θεῖ Ἀμαρυλλίς.

Ταῦροι ἐμοὶ σάκταντι ἢ ἐκ ἐτὶ λῶντι νέμεσθαι.
 Δένδρεα φύλλα τ' εἰψέ, τὰ δ' ἀνθεα πάντα μαρμαίνθη·
 Ἀλλ' ἐχ' ὡς τάδε φύλλ' ἔαρος τ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρα,
 Ἀνθεα πλεθῆαι τε κεκρυμμένα γὰρ ἐνὶ κόλπῳ·
 Οὕτως, ὦ Ἀμαρυλλί, παλίνζωός τὸ πεφύκας.

Αἶ αἶ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδ', ἀπώλετο θεῖ Ἀμαρυλλίς.
 Ταμάσιδος μύρμηκα ἐφ' ὕδασι αἶλινα κύκνοι,
 Πένθιμον ἢ δὲ μέλ' γοεργῆς σωματέσιν ὄρηντες
 Τοιοῖ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδ' ἐπὶ θρηνέσσι θανοῖσαν,

ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSIS

Οἶοι, χαίρετέ, φαντι τελευταῖον γοάοντες·
 Κ' οὐπότ' ὀδυρόμενοι, εἰ πώποτε λήγετε, κύκνοι,
 Εἶπαθ' ὑπερβορέαις, ταῖς θ' ἀελίῳ περὶ δυσμάν
 Εἶπατε ταῖς Νύμφαισιν, ἀπώλετο θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλίς.

Κ' ὕμμες δ', ὦ Μῶσαι Ἰσιδος Κάμῳ τε παρ' ὄχθαις,
 Αἰάζειν σφετέρην δις ἀποφθιμῶν μελεδωνόν.
 Ὅσον εἰσδοῖσαι γ' ἐπιχθόνιον ᾠεῖσσαν
 Πανσυδίη μέλψαδε, τόσον κλαοῖσα θανοῖσαν
 Σπῆσαι δάκρυα πᾶσα, τὰ γ' ἔγρατ' ἐπὶ θανόντων.
 Ὑμᾶν τὸ πρᾶν ἀδόμῳ μὲλ' ἔχειτ' αἰεῖδεν,
 Οὐκέτι εἰ θέμις ἐστίν, ἰάλεμον ἀδετε αἱ αἶ,
 Αἱ αἶ ἀδετε πᾶσαι, ἀπώλετο θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλίς.

Παυρότεροι εἰδ' Ἀελιωπολίταις ἐπεφοίτων
 Φοῖνικες, ἢ βώκοις Ἀμαρυλλίδος ἱερὸν εἶδος·
 Οὐτόσον εἰδὲ πελειὰς ἐὰν ὀλολύσδει ἐταίραν
 Ἄρμοι ἀρπαχθεῖσαν, ἔχουσ' ἀκόρετον ἀνίαν·
 Οὐτόσον Ὀρφέα κῆδε παλίσυλ' Εὐρυδίκεια
 Ἄψ' ἀπονοσήσας ἀπὸ μὲν δόμον αἰδ' εἶσω,
 Ὅσον νιν σοναχεύμεν ἀθέσφατον ἠδὲ καὶ ἄμμεν.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν νῦν τᾶδε κενάριον αὐτὴν ὀρυξῶ,
 Ἐν δὲ μέλος γράψω, τύμβῳ δ' ἐπὶ τῷδε χαράξω,
 “ΕΣΒΗΣ, θεῖ' Ἀμαρυλλί, τὸ ἔ πολύαινε ἀπέσβης,
 “Τῆτ' ἐπετήδευσεν Θύρσις τόδε μνᾶμα διδάξων.

Ὡς μὲν Θύρσις αἰεῖδεν ἀναστεναχεῦντος Ἀμύντα,
 Ἄλλα δ' ἄλλος ἰόντε αὖσατον, αἱ Ἀμαρυλλί.

R. Parkinson A. B.
 Coll. Chrif.

P I E T A S.

TRISTES docta modos *Elegia*, blanda dolorum
Interpres, aegrae mentis amara salus,

Adfis: quae temerè suspiria fundimus, aptos

Coge, Dea, in numeros; questibus adde decus;
Mansuros gemitus, lacrymasque in saec'la perennes

Suffice, versiculos perpetuùm querulos:

Quales, moesta suos renovare *Britannia* luctus

Cùm cupiat, repetens, luxuriosa fleat:

“ Et Musae, dicat, (dum Tu, CAROLINA, manebas,

“ Laeta cohors) meritò sic gemuere meae.

“ Esse Tui decuit, nulli non apta Camoenae,

“ Esse Tui decuit flebiliter memores.

“ Hei mihi! qualis Ego Te decedente? quid usquam

“ Non memini penitus displicuisse mihi?

“ Respiciens olim populum, jactare solebam

“ Quanta mihi pbes, quàm numerosa foret;

“ Jam nimia, inque meum visa est numerosa dolorem:

“ In grege num tanto foccus ocellus erat?

“ Quid mihi foeminei vultus, quâ sidera adibam,

“ Gratia, & in vivo lumine laetus honos?

“ Torpor iners oculis, inamoenae frontibus umbrae,

“ Rora genis, animis Tu, CAROLINA, sedes.

“ Nunquid opis tulerint docti, si forte requiras?

“ Quod poterant—lacrymis congemuere meis.

“ Felices aliàs & amicas mentibus artes

“ Jactent, huic satis est vel superesse malo.

Interea Tu, Magne Parens, quâ mente tueris

Te salvo afflictos, insolitum, *Britonas*?

Nimirum Tua nos agitant suspiria, GEORGI;

Dè Te sollicitos sedulus angit amor:

Nam quia magnanimùm haud facile est attingere sensus

Heroum, invicto pectore quanta ferant;

Aut quia, sis liceat diviniior, a CAROLINA

Divulsus poteris mente quati solidâ;

Fingimus & lacrymas Tibi, Regum maxime; sed Te,

Te redde incolumem, & vita redit Populo.

L. Addison, A.M.

Aul. Pemb. Praefes.



A. M. A. M.
A. M. A. M.

